The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 43 NO. 10

Lessons for January

OCTOBER 1956

Magic Call

Catherine E. Berry

How many autumns past my heart has yearned
With restless hungering for any trail
That wandered off where maple fires burned,
Beneath October's amethystine veil.
This urge to go, though tempered in the spring,
And lulled to sleep when summer walks the land,
Besets my heart with constant bickering
The moment autumn shows its golden hand.

No hill that lifts a torch against the sky
But I would climb the bronze trail to its height,
No winding lane where windblown leaves now lie
But I would follow it in happy flight.
There is no cure for wandering, I know,
Except to heed its magic call—and go.

The Cover: The Eiffel Tower, Paris, France
Photograph by Josef Muench
The Eiffel Tower, 984 feet high, is one of the most conspicuous monuments on the Paris skyline.

Frontispiece Photograph: Jackson Lake, Wyoming
Photograph by Hal Rumel

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

Congratulations to the authors of "Written at Sunset," by Dorothy J. Roberts; "Woodland Wonder," by Elsie McKinnon Strachan; and "I Need the Stars," by Grace Barker Wilson — such lovely poems in the August issue of the *Magazine*.

—Thelma Ireland
McGill, Nevada

I want to express my appreciation for the wonderful *Relief Society Magazine*. There is so much wisdom and joy to be gained from each issue. The things I have learned from the *Magazine* are proving very valuable in rearing my two babies, twenty-seven months and eleven months old.

—Mrs. L. E. Olson
Inglewood, California

I think the plan of having recipes and pictures from the missions of the Church is a wonderful idea. No doubt we will all learn something to spice up our meals and appetites.

—Rachael L. Lee
President
French Mission Relief Society
Paris, France

I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* very much. It is always a wonder to me that we can get so much for so little. I am so thankful that, through the *Magazine*, even though I cannot attend meetings, I can still keep up with the lessons and helps.

—Flo Whittemore
Soda Springs, Idaho

The Relief Society Magazine has been a part of our home life for a long time. It has been of continued genuine worth to generations of our family.

—Elder Morris D. Shields
St. Albans, Vermont

Your wonderful *Magazine* is always appreciated, but as I read "Home" (frontispiece poem) in the August issue, by Catherine Berry, tears filled my heart and spilled out of my eyes. I have been especially homesick this summer for Montana and the poem expresses so perfectly how I feel, and, after so many years away, "the haunting need of it that calls you back." Thank you for every fine issue but mostly for this poem.

—Brucia Gordon Crane
Mink Creek, Idaho

I have taken the *Magazine* for years and enjoy every page very much. I want to thank you especially for the pictures and messages from the wives of the General Authorities of the Church (August 1956). I know everyone was very pleased to see them and to read their sweet messages. It made me feel I could say "Hello" to each of them. The majority of the Church members seldom, if ever, get to see these dear women.

—Pearl Evans
Salt Lake City, Utah

I love *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is filled with so many lovely poems, inspiring teachings, interesting lessons, stories, homemaking ideas, as well as news of sisters in other parts of the world. I first became acquainted with the *Magazine* when my mother subscribed to it. At Brigham Young University I first enjoyed Relief Society activities.

—Sylvia Bigler
Caldwell, Idaho

I was very pleased when my husband picked up my *Relief Society Magazine* to read the other night. He has glanced at it occasionally, but this time it was read. My ten-year-old daughter and twelve-year-old son found my past issues of several years ago and read them from cover to cover. We all enjoy the *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Mildred Stowe
Ogden, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Charity Never Faileth

George H. Mortimer

President, New York Stake

THE apostle Paul would disagree strongly with the oft-heard adage that nothing is certain but death and taxes. And rightly so, for he was inspired to instruct the saints in Corinth that "Charity Never Faileth."

Charity is a composite of qualities or attributes which everyone who desires to live in accordance with the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ must earnestly strive to acquire. Their acquisition is predicated upon an understanding and proper application of the divine laws governing human relations which must be obeyed in order to obtain this blessing. Conscious, prayerful, and devoted striving toward this goal is one of the most rewarding pursuits in life, for it assures us the most favorable and successful results of all our worthy activities. The approach to all our problems by the path of charity is as Paul states "a more excellent way" than any other.

It is particularly appropriate for the sisters in the Church to meditate upon the way of charity, not only because the slogan of their Relief Society is *Charity Never Faileth*, but more importantly because they, by teaching and by example, exert the predominant influence in shaping the thought and response patterns of young children through their close association with them in the home, the school, and the Church.

Let us consider the attributes o Charity as Paul lists them.

Charity Suffereth Long. The quality of long-suffering is that o long patience of offense. There are not many people who pass through life without being subjected to offenses of greater or less degree. Some of them may arise in the home — a wayward child, an inconsiderate parent or brother or sister. They may arise in school — an undisciplined pupil, an unfair teacher, cheating classmates. They may arise in business — people who take unfair advantage in dealings, an ambitious co-worker who stoops to every device to gain advantage, a tyrannical boss. Instead of meeting the offenses in kind, as most people impulsively tend to do, the more excellent way, the charitable way, is that outlined by the Savior of not resisting the wrong, of turning the other cheek, of giving the cloak to him that sues for the coat, of going the second mile with him who compels you to go the first, of loving your enemies and praying for those who despitefully use and persecute you. Thus patience of offense, which leads to peaceful human relations, contrasts strongly with the spirit of avid and aggressive defense of every right and privilege, which leads to contention. "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."

Charity . . . Is Kind. Kindness is the quality of gentleness. It goes beyond good will toward others, which is benevolence, and embraces the actual doing of good to others, which is beneficence. It characterizes the compassionate service of the Relief Society. Not only is kindness the quality which endears one to others in this life and motivates giving meat to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, shelter to the stranger, clothing to the naked, and visiting of the sick and imprisoned, but it will be, as the Savior so impressively taught, a factor which determines who is admitted to the kingdom of God and who is cast into the kingdom of the devil.

Charity Envieth Not. To envy is to feel discontent at another's possessing that which you want. It is not the *desire* for good things and the righteous striving to acquire them for use in doing good to others that is inconsistent with the charitable approach to life's problems, but rather the *coveting* of things, position, and power for the gratifying of pride and vain ambition and the resort to unrighteous means to achieve them. The Lord created the good things of life to delight those who use them with thanksgiving. Envy makes gratitude impossible. It precludes contentment and joy.

Charity Vaunteth Not Itself. To vaunt oneself is to make a vain display, to be hypocritical. Against no sin did the Savior speak more strongly than against hypocrisy. "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness. Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity." He wants us to appear as we really are, to be genuine and sincere.

Charity . . . Is Not Puffed Up. This is to be conceited, to have an exaggerated opinion of oneself. It is the antithesis of meekness and humility. The parable of the Pharisee and the publican who went into the temple to pray contrasts the vanity of a boastful prayer with the justification won by a sincere and humble prayer. It is to the meek, not to the braggarts, the Lord promised the inheritance of the earth.

Charity . . . Doth Not Behave Itself Unseemly. A charitable person exhibits the quality of decorum, doing and saying the right thing at the right time and place. It is the foundation not only of good manners, but also of reverence in sacred places. It is a manifestation of consideration of the feelings of others which lies at the basis of good human relations.

Charity . . Seeketh Not Her Own. This is the quality of unselfishness, of losing oneself in the service of others. The rewards of this attribute are: "He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it . . . Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it . . . . whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

Charity . . . Is Not Easily Provoked. One who is provoked displays annoyance and vexation. It is a characteristic of a child quickly to display annoyance and vexation at physical pain, when his feelings are hurt, or when he does not get his way. He has a difficult time projecting himself into the position of another person as a basis for understanding the behavior that gives offense. In strong contrast to the immature response of a child, is the example of the Savior between the time of the great intercessory prayer in Gethsemane and his death on the cross. Not only did he curb any expression of annoyance at the unjust abuse which was heaped upon him, he rebuked Peter for using a sword and prayed forgiveness for his executioners. The degree to which we are able to respond to provoking situations in this Christlike manner is a measure of our maturity of thought and action. Paul expresses the maturing process of his own life by saying, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things." It is not the times when we curbed the impulse to do or speak spitefully that we remember with regret, but the times when we hastily said or did an unkind thing.

Charity . . . Thinketh No Evil. Those who think no evil are the pure in heart. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." Solomon recognized the power of thought on character when he said, "as he thinketh in his heart, so is he." The importance which the Savior placed on thought is seen in these teachings, "for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things: and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things . . . For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: These are the things which defile a man . . . ." By thinking no evil, and using our minds for good thoughts, the dreadful consequences of evil thinking can be avoided.

Charity . . . Rejoiceth Not in Iniquity. The vice of rejoicing in iniquity may manifest itself in two ways. One is in finding pleasure in doing sinful acts; the other in having "pleasure in them that do them." There should be little misunderstanding on the part of members of the Church about the importance of finding joy and satisfaction in personal righteousness rather than iniquity. But there are many people who successfully resist the temptation to commit certain sins who seem to find pleasure or satisfaction in those who commit them. It is this trait which underlies gossip, for the gossiper rejoices not only in hearing the account of another's sin but also finds pleasure in spreading the story. The quality of charity demands that there be no rejoicing in iniquity on our own part or on the part of anyone else.

Charity . . . Rejoiceth in the Truth. The gospel of Jesus Christ is the truth. The attitude you take toward the commandments and revealed will of the Lord which are

an integral part of the gospel will determine, quite largely, your response to temptation. If you resent such commandments as thou shalt not steal, bear false witness, covet, or commit immoral acts, or if you view the negative aspects of the Word of Wisdom as encroachments on your personal liberty, you are much more likely to succumb when tempted than if you are sincerely grateful for these principles and regard them as an armor. "Blessed is the man . . . (whose) delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night."

Charity . . . Beareth All Things. To bear is to support, sustain, carry. Every man or woman who has had the privilege of working in a position of authority in the Church which involves calling others to serve, knows the importance of the quality some members possess of bearing all things. These are they who accept calls willingly, who are anxiously engaged in learning their duty and in doing much good, and who do not limit their activity when they have done their fair share. They carry on their appointed tasks to the end and lend enthusiastic support in word and deed to the programs sponsored by the local and General Authorities. This quality is of particular importance to the married women of the Church who are instructed of the Lord to "provoke" or motivate their husbands to good works. The wife who gladly accepts a standard of living which makes the payment of tithes and offerings possible, properly supports her husband in obeying these commandments. She can make it easy for him to perform the ministerial duties that take him from the home, such as ward teaching, administering to the sick, missionary work, council meetings, if she adapts her schedule to his and lets him know by word and deed that she willingly sacrifices his companionship on these occasions. On the other hand, so great is her restraining influence on her husband's success in business and Church affairs, if she puts a barrier in his way, that he rarely passes through it. While the wife of an active Latter-day Saint man necessarily foregoes much in companionship with him, it is a sacrifice that calls forth the blessings of heaven. No other woman can have quite the peace of mind when her husband is away from home that a woman can have when she knows that her husband is engaged in the Lord's work.

Charity . . . Believeth All Things. This is the attribute of faith—in God, in fellow men, in oneself. It characterizes those who declare with Nephi, "I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them." Those who possess this attribute meet and deal with others without suspicion and are quick to forgive those who repent of breaches of the confidence that had been placed in them.

Charity . . . Hopeth All Things. To hope is to desire something with the expectation of getting it, with faith that it can be obtained. Hope is the quality that enables people

to surmount discouragement, to maintain zeal and enthusiasm in the face of reverses and failures, to make the best use of things at hand, to resist resentment against conditions which cannot be changed. It sustains the mother through the months of discomfort during pregnancy, through the agony of delivery, through hours of anxiety when illness strikes, through bereavement when loved ones go. It is the way to serenity rather than despair.

Charity . . . Endureth All Things. To endure is to bear great and lasting hardships and evils. This quality makes it feasible to be in the world but not of the world and to withstand being persecuted for righteousness' sake without resentment. By cultivation of this quality you can rejoice when men revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely for Christ's sake. It makes you immune to the scorn and ridicule of the unrighteous. And the promised reward is that "he that endureth to the end shall be saved."

These, then, are the qualities that constitute charity which never fails in any situation. While Bible scholars do not agree as to the correct rendition of Paul's thought *Charity Never Faileth,* we can certainly agree that these attributes are based on eternal principles and therefore never end. They are, moreover, divine attributes which all those who hope to gain the celestial kingdom will have to acquire in this life. In acquiring these qualities by application of the relevant eternal principles, we may have complete confidence that we are meeting each situation in the best way, the way of charity, and *Charity Never Faileth.*

Harvest Warning

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Unwanted grapes should never be
Left drying on the vine,
For starlings swoop on them with glee
All shrilling, "These are mine."

Though starlings soften brittleness
When weeks are long and white,
Henceforth your garden they possess
And hold by squatters' right.

Who ties his heart from winter's sting
With a noisy starling tether
Yields rights to azure song and wing
And golden note and feather.

Willard Luce

THE SOLITUDES OF MONUMENT VALLEY
Utah-Arizona Border

Autumn Pageant

Grace Barker Wilson

The hills again are dressed for autumn's show
Of pageantry. Time was I used to know
Almost the hour the curtain would arise
Upon the first act. Now my mind and eyes
Try reconstructing that familiar scene.
Last night, the friendly summer hills were green.
Dawn came; the first touch of the sun was gold
That stayed and deepened as the day grew old.
The sunset added brilliant paints of red,
And left bright oaks and maples there instead.
So well had nature planned, an hour, a day,
And autumn's pageantry was underway.

The French Mission

Preston R. Nibley

AT a conference of the British Mission, held at Manchester, England, on August 14, 1848, and presided over by Elder Orson Pratt of the Council of the Twelve, it was resolved "that Elder William Howell, of Aberdare, South Wales, late a Baptist minister, go across the British Channel to Bretagne, France, and offer the gospel to the people of that country" (M. S. vol. 10, p. 254). Elder Howell thus became the first missionary to fill an assignment in France. However, he was delayed in reaching his field of labor, and it was early in July 1849 when he arrived at the port of Le Havre. There, on July 30th, a few weeks after his arrival, he baptized his first convert, a young man thirty years of age, named August Saint d'Anna.

At the October conference of the Church held in Salt Lake City, in 1849, Elder John Taylor of the Council of the Twelve, was appointed to preside over a new mission to be known as the French Mission. Elders Curtis E. Bolton and John Pack were called to accompany him. These brethren arrived at Boulogne-sur-Mer on June 18, 1850, and began their missionary labors. The Book of Mormon was translated into the French

Josef Muench

ST. BENEZET BRIDGE, RHONE RIVER, FRANCE

This famous bridge arches only part way across the Rhone River. It owes its fame to a French folk dance song. It was built in 1177-1185 and has been in ruins since 1669. A chapel stands part way out on the bridge.

Mlle. Lausier de Mannoury
Direction Generale du Tourisme
Paris, France
Submitted by Rachael L. Lee

THE CHATEAU OF CHAUMONT ON THE LOIRE RIVER, FRANCE

language in 1851 and published in 1852. In 1851 Elder Taylor established a publication in Paris named *L'Etoile du Deseret*. Branches of the Church were organized in Paris, Boulogne-sur-Mer, and Le Havre. At a conference held July 24, 1853, at St. Heliers, Isle of Jersey, nine branches of the French Mission were represented with a combined membership of 337.

The French Mission did not prosper as much as had been hoped, due to severe restrictions and other factors, and in 1864, it was made a district of the British Mission. This condition continued until 1912, when the French Mission, consisting of parts of Belgium, Switzerland, and all of France, was reorganized, with Elder Edgar B. Brossard as president. The work of proselyting has been actively continued since that time. There are today thirty-three branches of the French Mission with approximately 1,300 members. Elder Harold W. Lee is the president, with headquarters in Paris, where the Church has purchased a beautiful mission home. Twenty-seven Relief Society organizations were reported in December 1956, with 231 members. Rachael L. Lee presides over the French Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine* is a view of the Eiffel Tower, Paris, France. See also "Recipes From the French Mission," page 662.

Last Summer

Christie L. Coles
and Beth C. Johnson

THE day was parched and dust filtered. Leaves and foliage at the side of the gravel road were covered with a thick, gray film. The air was still as a waiting breath.

Mina sat on the dirt-packed bridge and dangled her feet in the plastic-clear stream, wriggling her toes in its coolness. The sunlight stenciled arabesques upon her brown arms.

"Are you really going away, Virginia?" Mina asked her friend who lay flat on her stomach by the stream, cupping water into her hand and catching "skaters" to place on the sand, then watching them hurry back to the water and their endless sliding.

Virginia rolled over on her back, the light struck her fair face, and her voice seemed to lie on the dry air, husky and low, as she said, "Seems as though I've been watching these bugs all my life."

"We have," Mina murmured softly, "every summer." Things didn't seem to change. There were always the celebrations in July, the same hot days, the same coming up here, wading, talking . . . .

As she spoke, Mina had a strange feeling that she was quite invisible, seeing all this with omniscience. She saw her friend's soft, petulant mouth, and purple-blue eyes; the long, blond braid that lay like a shining rope between her shoulders. An ache went through her for the skinny-legged little girl who used to come here with her and later the bigger girl, when the talk had changed from paper dolls, to school, to boys.

As though sensing her friend's thoughts, Virginia jumped up quickly and said in a strained voice, "Let's go pick some apples."

Mina jumped to her feet, "Let's," she cried.

The two of them made a vivid contrast as they ducked through the nearby fence: Mina, small and dark, with dimples that came and went in her tanned cheeks; Virginia, tall and blonde.

They came back to the stream with their pockets filled with the red fruit, washed the apples in the stream and rubbed them dry.

This is just as it has always been, thought Mina, every motion, the first bite into the crisp apple . . . .

But it wasn't as crisp as it had seemed once, nor as juicy.

Virginia must have noticed, too, for she said, "These apples don't taste the same. Do you think the trees are getting old? Maybe they haven't been pruned as they should have been."

"What do you know about pruning apple trees?" Mina asked her, leaning against a poplar tree trunk where she could watch the stream, and see her friend.

"Me? Why, I'm the world's greatest authority, don't you know?" she laughed, and Mina joined in the laughter, until they were laugh-

ing uncontrollably, as they had often laughed over nothing whatever, until they were rolling over on their stomachs, gasping for breath.

For a moment, each of them lay still. Mina saw the brightness in Virginia's eyes as they gazed briefly up the sandy shore at the clear water, the bushes, the deep foliage. She wondered if it could be only laugh-tears as they called them, or if this girl who had suddenly become almost a stranger, knew an ache similar to the one within herself. Why didn't Virginia answer her question? Why didn't she tell her?

Papa had heard uptown that her folks were going to move, but Mina had been sure it was a mistake, assuring him, "But Virgie would have told me."

FINALLY, knowing Mina's thoughts, Virginia raised herself to her elbows, and cupped her chin in her hands. She said, softly, "Dad says we're going . . . . I couldn't tell you because I didn't believe it . . . . I still don't. I thought if I said it wasn't so, it wouldn't be."

"You can stay with us," Mina suggested, brightly, "at least until they're settled. Oh, please do, Virgie. They won't mind."

"Maybe I will, at least till school starts," her friend said slowly, "maybe I will. Let's eat our lunch. I'm starved."

They washed their hands, dried them on the edge of the dish towel which covered the square, wicker basket; reached for the sandwiches and the hard-boiled eggs; the two bottles of root beer, and began to eat.

"'Member the first picnic we ever took," Virginia asked, "when we asked the folks if we could come down here, and they said, 'no,' and we got a lunch anyway, and took it to the Court House lawn?"

"Yes, I remember. We weren't more than five, were we? And when they missed us, they had everybody out hunting, and almost dragged the river."

The story was usually good for a really big laugh, but they only smiled now and went ahead with their eating.

When they had finished, Mina said, "Let's get some sun."

"You're as brown as a nut now," Virginia told her.

"I know. And you're just golden. Want some oil?" Mina asked.

"In a minute."

When they were lying flat, facing the sky, the worn blanket beneath them, neither spoke. It was as though they were already separated, or as though neither dared to speak.

They rolled over, closed their eyes sleepily.

After awhile Virginia said, "I guess we'd better go. I've got to help Mom pack."

Mina picked up the cups, aware of the perspiration on her forehead and the dull thudding of her heart. "You will ask them to let you stay?"

Virginia nodded, there was a frown between her eyes. And each knew it would not be so. Virginia leaned against a tree and looked into the distance at the little town where she had spent all sixteen of her summers. Her voice was soft

and sad as she murmured, "I'll miss all this. I'll miss you most, Mina . . . I . . . I . . . ."

Mina didn't need to wonder about the tears now. She knew they were as real as when Virgie's dog had died, or when her finest doll had been broken. Tears filled her own eyes. Her inclination was to throw herself back to the familiar sand, to weep, to hang onto the past, the fun, the goodness that seemed passing in this very instant.

She sobbed, "Nothing will ever be the same again. Oh, Virgie."

For a brief second they clung to each other, then dropped their hands as though aware they were too big for this sort of thing.

Virginia bent and picked up the picnic basket. Mina kicked a pebble, and they started toward the road, the sand rising about their feet.

When they had gone a short distance, a car of boys they knew from school passed. The boys waved, and the girls waved in return. Their steps quickened ever so slightly.

Metal World

Dorothy J. Roberts

Lost in a metal world, the tardy bee,
Thirsting, is refused the nectar's drop.
Copper, are the clusters on the lilac tree,
And bronze, the billowed weeds' unscented crop.

The final gold of flowers is pollenless
In the Midas-touch of autumn's chilling spear.
Through brittle stems and blossoms, bleached to brass,
Platinum frost unweaves the petaled year.

Wrought iron, are the elms, their lean boughs, black;
No honeyed leaf sways in the cold, lead air.
Rain is silver threaded through a place of lack;
In pewter dusk, only street lights bloom and stare.

Left Hands

Celia Luce

IN right-handed persons, the left hand is a pampered hand. It wears beautiful rings, and it is not expected to do a great share of the work. It mostly just holds things and assists.

The right hand gets the callouses. It gets the hard part of every job. But it is also the efficient hand, the useful one we treasure. It does the important work and is the leader.

Are too many of us training our children to be like the left hand? Do we do all the work for them, give them beautiful clothes to wear, and make all their decisions for them? If so, they may grow up to be pampered individuals, and then we may wonder why they never become leaders, why they remain selfish, unhappy persons who are making a failure of life.

Brave Men and Worthy Patriots

(A Narrative Account of Utah's Contribution to the American Civil War)

Samuel Chandler

Science Librarian, Brigham Young University

A narrow line of troopers wound its way out of the West, leaving a thousand miles of telegraph wires and a stream of immigrants to the mercy of a savage wilderness. Soon a hundred grim messages were dumped upon the already loaded desk of the President of the United States. As the President read them, the furrows in his dark brow deepened.

"Listen to this, Thomas," he called to his adjutant, " 'March 29, 1862: Indians have destroyed the telegraph station at Pacific Springs!' Here's another, dated April first: 'Renegades have burned the mail stations at Split Rock on the Sweet Water!' And, here's another: April third: 'Yesterday a tribe of Blackfeet under Pocatello massacred an immigrant train south of Fort Hall!' "

"Why that's terrible, Mr. President," the adjutant said.

The President's mouth settled into a hard, firm line. "This situation must be controlled immediately!"

"But, Mr. Lincoln," the adjutant sighed, "we can't send men to the West. Already the Southerners outnumber our forces from Kansas to the Potomac."

"True," the President replied. "Nevertheless, serious consequences will result, if we lose communication with California and the territories out there."

"I wish the Westerners would protect themselves, Sir."

"That's it, Thomas," cried the President. "Send a telegram to Colonel Connor in San Francisco ordering him to recruit and train a battalion of men from California and Nevada. Send another to Brigham Young in Salt Lake City requesting him to muster a company of Utah volunteers into the United States Army. Tell him to arm and equip them immediately and send them to protect the area along the North Platte."

"Did you say Brigham Young, Sir? Do you really think the Mormons would send men to help the United States Government?"

"Yes, yes, I'm sure they will. Brigham Young himself assured me that Utah will remain loyal to the Union. Now hurry!"

"Yes, Sir."

Upon receipt of the adjutant's telegram, Brigham Young called three officers of the Utah Militia to his office: General Daniel H. Wells, Colonel Robert Burton, and Captain Lot Smith.

"Because it is our duty as Americans to obey when our country calls," he said, "I think General Wells should recruit two companies at once, one for Captain Smith to lead to the North Platte immediately, and the other for Colonel Burton to train so that it may protect the area near our territory."

Three days later, one hundred six men under the command of Captain Smith marched towards their headquarters at a way station on the Platte River in Wyoming. When they reached the mouth of Utah's Emigration Canyon, they

stopped briefly to hear Brigham Young speak.

I desire of the officers and privates of this company, that in this service they will conduct themselves as gentlemen, remembering their allegiance and loyalty to our government, and also not forgetting that they are members of the organization to which they belong, never indulging in intoxicants of any kind, and never associating with bad men or lewd women, always seeking to make peace with the Indians. Aim never to take the life of an Indian or white man, unless compelled to do so in the discharge of duty, or in defense of your own lives, or that of your comrades.

Whenever and wherever you can hold councils with their sachems, or peace chiefs, do not fail to embrace the opportunity, and thus win their friendship and prevent the shedding of blood if possible. Another thing I would have you remember is that, although you are United States soldiers you are still members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and while you have sworn allegiance to the constitution and government of our country, and we have vowed to preserve the Union, the best way to accomplish this high purpose is to shun all evil associations, and remember your prayers, and try to establish peace with the Indians, and always give ready obedience to the orders of your commanding officers. If you will do this, I promise you, as a servant of the Lord, that not one of you shall fall by the hand of an enemy (Margaret M. Fisher, *Utah and the Civil War*, Salt Lake City, the J. O. Knowlton Post of the G.A.R. 1929, pp. 25-26).

During the next three and a half months this little band performed deeds unsurpassed in American military history. With little thought of personal safety or hope for national acclaim, they tamed Indian tribes that had previously destroyed trained troops of the United States Army. They distributed the United States mail over a vast area. They rode with immigrants over terrai infested by treacherous thieve They built bridges, erected waysid stations, and constructed roac along the Oregon and Californi trails.

Of them Brigadier General Jam Craig said, "The Utah cavalry ar the most efficient troops I have i the service, and I propose the service be extended an addition ninety days (*Ibid.*, p. 36).

ONE of their most interesting e periences started when Captai Smith detailed Lieutenant Joh Quincy Knowlton and nine othe to apprehend five dangerous escapee from Fort Leavenworth, Kansa The trail left by the criminals le Lieutenant Knowlton and his me to the foot of a grassy knoll nea Bear Lake. While resting in th spot, they heard a blood-curdlin scream that sent them to cove where they remained while a ban of painted Indians rode past ther and out of sight. Then the troop moved to the other side of the kno and found there the massacre bodies of the men they sought.

"I guess our work is done," th lieutenant said, "might as well g back to headquarters."

Even as he spoke the Indians r appeared, and they proved to be i a nasty mood. Luckily, howeve the lieutenant noticed that one the Indians carried a freshly kille elk behind his saddle. Through soldier who spoke the Bannoc language, he said. "You furnis meat, and we'll furnish bread for feast of peace." The Indians looke at the bread and agreed.

Notwithstanding the feast, th peace was short lived. As the soldie

were about to leave the Indians, a sergeant recognized an excellent horse belonging to a citizen of Salt Lake City. "That's Brother Richard's mare," he said to his comrades, and then, without considering the consequences, he roped the animal around the neck. Quickly, while one of their number tackled the sergeant, the Indians moved into a circle around the soldiers.

"Get up," the lieutenant said to the sergeant. "Now listen all of you, we're in a mess. There's no time to mount, so leave your horses and follow me and don't be afraid. If you've lived as President Young directed, you'll be protected."

Then, throwing his head high, he walked toward the thick underbrush near the position taken by four or five braves. As the others followed him, they heard the twang of bowstrings and the click of gunlocks. Upon each man's lips was a silent prayer, and in his heart Brigham Young's words rang loudly: "I promise you, as a servant of the Lord, that not one of you shall fall by the hand of an enemy."

With this assurance to buoy them, these men walked past the Indians and into the thicket. Hours later when they had reached the camp of Washakee, the peace-loving Chief of the Shoshonies, they knelt and thanked God for his protection. Washakee, upon hearing of their misadventure, sent some of his own braves to recover the horses and to punish the Indian who had stolen Brother Richards' mare.

Days later, when Lieutenant Knowlton and his men arrived back in camp, they learned that Captain Smith had led another party into Idaho to recover some property that the Indians had stolen from the Government. For days this group lived upon dry bread and the roots and berries they found. As they attempted to cross a mountain stream, a horse fell into a deep pool, and its rider was drowned before his comrades could reach him. His was the only death sustained by the entire company.

While the Smith group was still in Wyoming, the company commanded by Colonel Burton was mustered into the service of the United States by the Governor of Utah Territory. While on duty, this company escorted several notable Westerners across the plains. Because of the spring thaw, their task was extremely arduous. At one point the snow and slush were so thick that they had to accompany a Congressman through an area ruled by a band of lawless renegades, some red, some white. In this area they found over a dozen deserted and pillaged way stations, from which they gathered many sacks of mail and sent them to Salt Lake City for distribution.

After turning over their command to Colonel Connor and his soldiers, these brave and peaceful men returned to their homes, taking with them the thanks of the United States Government. Of them some latter-day chronicler might have written as Helaman wrote of that similar group of Americans whose story is related in the Book of Mormon. "Never had I seen so great courage . . . . Now they never had fought, yet they did not fear death; and they did think more upon the liberty of their fathers than they did upon their lives . . . (Alma 56:45, 47).

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, October 1, and October 15, 1896

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL CONFERENCE: The General Conference of the Relief Society was held in the Assembly Hall in Salt Lake City, Oct. 3, 1896 . . . Mrs. Zina D. H. Young presiding . . . . President Adeline H. Barber of the Cache Stake Relief Society spoke against murmuring, referred to the recent high wind, said it occurred immediately after a woman's meeting in which the sisters had complained so much of hard times . . .Lorinda E. Thompson of the board of Millard Relief Society gave an excellent account . . . and alluded to the distressing sickness (Diphtheria) that had prevailed at Scipio, out of one hundred cases, however, only eight had died . . . which seemed remarkable. President Emma J. Bennett, Bingham Stake . . . spoke highly of the country, they had rich ranches and lovely fields of grain . . . sisters would come eight or ten miles to attend Conference, and bring babies with them . . . . President Ann C. Woodbury of St. George Stake spoke of the great losses sustained in that locality by floods, but did not feel discouraged . . . spoke earnestly of the silk industry . . . .

—E. B. Wells, Secretary

WEDDING BELLS

So solemn bells ring out the sound!
The love of God doth here abound;
Like burnished gold gleams all around.
Slow from the altar rise the pair,
Who have pledged before their God
Each joy and ill of life to share.

—Lydia D. Alder

JEAN INGELOW: Jean Ingelow, the charming English poetess and novelist, is seriously ill and has been very feeble for some time. She lives in a quaint little cottage in Kensington with her bachelor brother, surrounded by her birds and flowers. Her conservatory is twice the size of her dwelling, and one of her favorite pastimes has been to liberate her feathered friends among the flowers while she writes at her desk . . . . In addition to her books of poems, she has written four novels and various works for children. Her poems are refreshing and sparkling, among the best known of which is "We Are Seven."

—Selected

HELENE OF MONTENEGRO: Princess Helene of Montenegro who is to marry the Crown Prince of Italy, is a poet, and many of her verses have been set to music and are sung by the peasants in all parts of the principality.

—Selected

AUTUMN: As the cool weather approaches the pleasure seekers forsake the mountain retreats and lake resorts, and are reopening their houses and making ready for in-door pastimes and amusements. The theatre has already opened its doors and some most delightful plays have been given and two very charming concerts are promised for the present week.

—Editorial Note

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

GRAND DUCHESS CHARLOTTE is the much-admired ruler of Luxembourg, a grand duchy of 300,000 population, where Mrs. Perle Mesta was the former United States Minister. In 1919, after World War I, the people demanded that Grand Duchess Marie abdicate in favor of her sister Charlotte. That same year the right to vote was granted to both women and men past the age of twenty-one. Charlotte and a cabinet of eight ministers hold the executive power in this spirited country, which is very democratic. Grand Duchess Charlotte is married to Prince Felix of Bourbon Parma and has six children.

MRS. MARGUERITE RAWALT, National President of the Business and Professional Women's Clubs of the United States, was one of seven attorneys and judges (three women and four men) from widely separated parts of the United States, to be invited by the Bonn Parliament to make a nation-wide visit to the courts of Germany. There she found many eminent women engaged in the legal profession. Among them were noted Frau Dr. Kruger-Nieland, a judge on a ranking patent law court of the Republic, and Frau Dr. Erna Scheffler, a member of the Supreme Constitutional Court.

MRS. LUCY NORDEN, some years ago, fled from Nazi Germany to the United States. A remarkably skilled pianist, she had accompanied opera singers and great instrumentalists in her native land. She soon became a member of the teaching staff of the New York Conservatory of Music, and now, at the age of eighty-four, still teaches sixteen pupils and plays the piano herself with exquisite artistry.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to Mrs. Anne Jarvis Milne, Murray, Utah, one hundred and eight; Lydia Butterfield Cole, Salt Lake City, Utah, ninety-five; Mrs. Anna Meier Gubler, Santa Clara, Utah, ninety-four; Mary Ann Jones Rhodes, Ogden, Utah, ninety-four; Mrs. Alice Rose Tucker Berryessa Blair, Ogden, Utah, ninety-three; Mrs. Elizabeth A. Juchau, Virginia, Idaho, ninety-three; Mrs. Angeline Deem Hansen, Tremonton, Utah, ninety-three; Mrs. Ellen Lovell Rowe, Salt Lake City, ninety-one; and the following women who have reached their ninetieth birthdays: Mrs. Lovina Carroll Heaton, Orderville, Utah; Mrs. Eliza Jane Foote, Morgan, Utah; Mrs. Margaret Delia Taylor, Mrs. Elnora Staker Thomson, and Mrs. Alice Stevens Holliday Hansen, all of Salt Lake City.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 43 OCTOBER 1956 NO. 10

Study Courses Availeth Much

AGAIN with October, comes the opportunity for women to participate in a formal-type of education as offered in the study courses of Relief Society.

Relief Society classes provide women an academic atmosphere in which to gain knowledge in the theological, homemaking, literary, and social science areas of study during the years when their opportunities to attend formal classes are seemingly past.

The stimulation which the mind receives in the formal learning process is often neglected as a mother's responsibilities increase with her family. In her busy, unselfish life of meeting the needs of her family, she may be unable to find time to devote to gaining mental growth in some of these various areas of learning. Through participating in the weekly classes of Relief Society a woman not only gains mental growth for herself, but acquires knowledge which she can share with her family. Her attitudes concerning her responsible position in the home, which is an important factor involved with the family's happiness, may broaden as she achieves a stimulation in her thinking through the avenue of learning available at Relief Society, and which is designed especially for her. It is a true principle as the physical body attains its goals likewise must the spiritual body achieve successes.

By studying the literature lessons an insight into the writings of the greatest authors and poets is gained. Information is imparted which will stimulate the mind to a greater enjoyment and comprehension of the masterpieces of literature. The factors of a secure family life and other social aspects are incorporated for study in the social science lessons. Challenges to learning of theological principles are presented. Home management problems, similar to those which often confront a mother in her own home, are discussed and studied. Integrated with the Relief Society study courses are projects and programs in which much of the gained knowledge can be applied.

With the acquisition of knowledge comes an eternal blessing. To the Prophet Joseph Smith was revealed: "Whatever principle of intelligence we attain to in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection" (D. & C. 130:18).

The Relief Society presents unlimited opportunities for claiming blessings during this life and through eternity.

—J. N.

Healthy, Happy, Lucky You

AN UNENDING DEBT

IT was the day before Mary's marriage. Her mind was flashing over the exciting occurrences of the day and foretasting the joys of her life ahead. As she anticipated the rich promise, the words of the poster in the ward meetinghouse last Sunday seemed to speak themselves aloud, "Healthy, Happy, Lucky You! Be Honest with Yourself."

Never had Mary felt healthier, happier, or luckier than tonight—although she did not feel that the "luckier" was by chance. It was the last four words that caused her mind to check itself and concentrate. "*Be Honest with Yourself.*" Mary's heart sank and then lifted in gratitude as she relived an experience of two years ago. That night had been a turning point in her life. Mary again seemed to hear the warning counsel of her mother, counsel which, until that night, had never called for action on Mary's part. Counsel which then had aroused Mary and brought her through to safety.

Mary's heart sang with joy as she realized that the clean, healthy body she had inherited from her parents had been kept pure by her. Being honest with herself made Mary wonder what her life might have been without the teachings of the gospel. And beyond her parents' example she recalled herself as a young child kneeling in family prayer at her grandparents' home.

Ahead for Mary lay health and happiness,. She knew she was indebted to many people for this blessed opportunity. Before sleep faded the picture of Bob, the temple, and her family, Mary decided she had found the honest answer. The obligation for obtaining health and happiness was a never-ending chain of conduct and teaching, reaching forward to generations unborn. Mary resolved that she and Bob would try honestly to pay their debt in their turn.

Recipes From the French Mission

Submitted by Rachael L. Lee

Normandy Fish

1	lb.	white fish (halibut, sole, or haddock)	1	tbsp.	butter
1		hard-boiled egg	1	tbsp.	flour
1		small can shrimps	1	c.	water
1		small can mushrooms	1	tsp.	lemon juice or vinegar
1	c.	shell macaroni	½	c.	cream

Melt the butter in a kettle. Add the flour and mix well. Add the water and lemon juice or vinegar and stir well until the mixture boils.

Add the fish, egg, cut into small pieces, shrimps, mushrooms, and cooked macaroni. Cover and cook for ten minutes. Just before serving add the cream. Makes four servings.

Onion Soup

4		medium-sized onions	1	qt.	water
2	tbsp.	butter	8		slices of toast

Slice the onions very fine and lightly brown in the butter. Then add water and boil gently for ten minutes.

Into each of four baking dishes place a slice of toast covered with grated cheese and a little of the onion soup. Then put another slice of toast covered with grated cheese and the rest of the onion soup into the baking dish. Top with grated cheese and place in a moderately hot oven for ten minutes. Serve in the baking dishes. Makes four servings.

French Mayonnaise

2		egg yolks	1	tsp.	mild prepared mustard
1/6	tsp.	salt	1	tsp.	vinegar
1/8	tsp.	pepper			vegetable oil
1/4	tsp.	strong prepared mustard or			

Beat the egg yolks slightly, then add liquid vegetable oil in a very thin stream while constantly beating the mixture until desired texture and flavor are reached. When half of the desired amount is reached, add the vinegar. Continue beating and adding oil until the desired amount of mayonnaise is reached. As much as a pint can be made from two egg yolks.

This mayonnaise should be used soon after making, as it does not store well. It may be served on any vegetable salad, with fish, cold meats, asparagus, or artichokes.

Veal Paupiettes

4 small veal steaks, flattened very thin
4 thin slices of uncooked ham

Mix together the following dressing ingredients:

¼	lb.	sausage	¼	c.	milk
¼	lb.	liver (pork or beef) ground	2		slices bread
2	tbsp.	chopped onions	¼	tsp.	salt
½	tsp.	chopped garlic (if desired)	⅛	tsp.	pepper
¼	tsp.	nutmeg			

On each veal steak place a slice of ham and one fourth of the dressing mixture. Roll each paupiette and tie in two places with a string.

2 tbsp.	cooking oil	1 c.	water
1 tbsp.	flour	1 tsp.	vinegar

Put the cooking oil or other fat in a kettle and lightly brown the meat rolls. Add the flour and stir well into the oil. Add water and vinegar. Cover the kettle tightly and cook over very low heat for one hour. Then add the following ingredients:

1	small can mushrooms	1 c.	diced carrots
1 c.	green peas	½ c.	light cream

Replace lid and cook for one half hour or until vegetables are tender. Add light cream. Serve hot. Makes four servings.

Chocolate Mousse

½ lb. bar	sweet, dark chocolate	1	egg yolk
4	egg whites		

Melt the chocolate over hot water in the top of a double boiler. When melted stir in the egg yolk. Beat the egg whites until very stiff, and then beat the chocolate mixture into the egg whites. Place in a jello mold or bowl and let stand in a cold place for at least two hours before serving. Makes four servings.

To a Pioneer Grandmother

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

You pioneered for a richer tomorrow.
Holding firm reins, high on the plow,
You guided oxen, cut the straight furrow;
You nurtured saplings that fruit today's bough.

You planted the rose and the jacaranda,
Hung brave baby-banners across the blue air.
With no book, save one, you patiently tutored,
And your man found his helpmate lovely and fair.

Assisting at birth, assuaging sorrow,
Proffering love and the helping hand,
All this, Grandmother, we will remember
When we dream at the hearth of this western land.

Early Present

Shirley Sargent

"WHAT do you want for Christmas?" Neal Hendrickson asked casually on the morning of December eighth, as he watched his wife brush her dark hair. He prided himself on being thoughtful, and last year this foresightedness had paid off in the form of a mink stole Nan had admired extravagantly.

"You."

Her reply so disconcerted him that he dropped a cuff link. "Me? You mean you want me to troop downstairs Christmas morning and have the children discover me in a stocking?"

"That's about the size of it." Nan's voice was low, grave, and definitely unamused.

"Size is right." He tried to recapture the light touch for which he was noted. "Exactly five feet and eleven inches of it and all me. You don't want much."

She turned, and her brown eyes were as grave as her tone. "Seemingly too much to ask."

"Ask for the moon, my lady, and," . . . he hesitated. "You want *me* for Christmas?"

"Something like that, Neal, but you figure it out."

At lunch time he tried to do just that. What had Nan meant? He recalled other years' gifts — the mink stole, matching luggage, golf clubs, jewelry, a painting — things he'd bought since the business was successful. Nan was talking nonsense. He could take her away. A week's cruise perhaps? Then he remembered that last season he had arranged for the children to go to his parents while he and Nan had attended a house party.

"Never again," she had said on their return.

"But those people were important, influential to business."

"Your children are more important to me than any position or salary in the world." She hadn't been so sober then; she had sounded angry and impatient.

"At least we weren't routed out of bed at five, but, back to the barbarians!" He hadn't meant it to sound that way when he had said it. They had two sons, Neal Jr., eleven, and Howard, eight. They were both good boys, but Neal was too busy to see much of them.

The remark of Nan's that morning was as imperative as the buzzer that rang on Neal's desk. Was that what Nan wanted, he wondered, later in the day, more of his time? He dictated some letters, then dismissed his secretary. How long had it been since he'd helped the boys with homework or joined them in their home workshop? Neal didn't like the conclusions his thoughts led up to—neglect. But business was for the family. Before, too? And Nan, how often had he done anything with her that wasn't social lately? Not many quiet evenings, nor Saturdays in the yard, his work had swallowed such time.

"You figure it out," she had said and, now that he had, he was ashamed that he hadn't realized what he was letting business do to him—to them.

It was just two-thirty when he stalked out of the office. Although it was December, the day was warm —even for California. He was parked in front of the boys' school when Howard came out. "Taxi?"

"Gosh, you sick, Dad?"

SUDDENLY he did feel a little sick. This wasn't going to be easy. His gesture had been impulsive, but his son was obviously disconcerted. Why, why had he neglected being a father for so long? He tried to sound casual.

"No, Son, just thought I'd knock off early. Ready?"

"Well . . . . No. I mean we were going across to the playground and play ball. You . . . you wouldn't want to, would you?"

Neal's answer was heartfelt. "I sure would."

Two hours later, Neal, minus coat, hat, and cuff links, led a raid on the kitchen.

"Two cookies apiece," Nan said, "and milk. Nothing else, it's too near—Neal, where? Why, you're all dirty."

"That's because he stole third," Neal Jr. explained proudly. "I saw Dad slide in when I came out of school. He was terrific."

Nan regarded her husband steadily, but there was a light in her eyes that dispelled the gravity.

"Dad helped me with pitching." Howard was aglow with excitement. "Hey, Dad, would you coach Little League next spring?"

"I'll sure try," Neal promised happily. He'd get someone else in the office so he'd have his evenings free.

"How's my batting average?" he questioned when the boys cleared out.

"Sensational," she smiled, "but watch out for that midseason slump."

He nodded gravely and took her in his arms. The light touch was gone. "I believe in early Christmas presents, darling — the lasting kind."

Night Incident

Lael W. Hill

The littlest one, who never quite gives up motion,
After awhile squirms out of her tucked-in blanket
Into the cold uncover of night's dark stream;
Then, being chilled, whimpers and stirs position
Till she is enough aware, enough awakened
To come small-mouse-creeping into the parents' room.

Softly she clambers over their lift-and-lower
Of breathing, over bone and the yielding ridges,
Till she finds the narrow valley they hold between;
There she hunches, tight-curled as bud of flower—
Yet, seeking still with stretched foot or elbow, reaches
For something more than mere hollow on a plain.

Now one of the sleepers, disturbed, draws her into the quilt-cave;
And there, close against the parent warmth soft-rising,
Slowly the small tight bud opens in drowsing,
Having found, for all hours, comfort and certain love.

Our Cabin Had a Porch

Nell Murbarger

MOST homestead shanties were about the size and shape of a railroad box car, and just about as inelegant in appearance. A single door, one or two small windows, an unsheathed stovepipe; and not one in a hundred had felt the stroke of a paintbrush.

But our homestead home — even though it conformed closely to the general pattern — was a home of distinction.

Our cabin had a *porch!*

We always referred to it as "The Front Porch" — a high sounding phrase which seemed to imply that somewhere in the immediate environs there might be also a back porch. But, of back porches there was none; and even The Front Porch was not exactly pretentious. Its roof, tar-papered like the house, ran the full length of our fourteen-foot cabin, and was supported by undressed two-by-four studdings; its front was enclosed by woven wire netting, stretched from floor to roof, and its pine board floor sloped a little to the outer edge so water might drain off more quickly after summer rains, or following the vigorous weekly scrubbings Mother gave it with a broom.

After serving through the winter as a semi-protected storage space for stovewood cut in the cedar breaks, The Front Porch came into its own with the first warm days of early summer. Before the end of May, the wire netting front would be covered with a heavy green curtain of wild cucumber vines and morning glories. Butterflies and bees, in their everlasting search for pollen and nectar, utilized the vines as their central headquarters; and even tiny hummingbirds occasionally sought the cool seclusion of the greenery.

After several weeks of coaxing, supported by all sorts of ten-year-old logic, Mother finally would concede that the season was well enough advanced that a little girl might sleep safely out of doors — a decision followed immediately by the delightfully adventuresome business of moving my cot to the narrow, green tunnel of The Front Porch.

I doubt if any explorer embarking for darkest Africa was ever more thrilled by that prospect than I would be on this first night of summer freedom as I donned my nightie in the cabin, then hurried outside to slip between the delicious coolness of the smooth muslin sheets! A yellow square of lamplight, pouring through the cabin's east window, would spread across the middle of my cot until Mother and Father sought out their own bed, and the flame in the kerosene lamp was extinguished.

AFTER that, I would be alone by myself, in my little leafy world; alone, yet never alone. All my friends of the prairie night would

be there to keep me company. From the stock dam, in the draw, would be issuing the throaty croak of frogs, and, under the porch boards, crickets would be strumming their fiddles. There would be the gentle, satisfied sounds of cattle and horses stirring in the nearby feed lot; and, if a coyote voiced his lonely wail in some distant coulee, there would be a low, answering whine from Zip, the collie — a sad little whine which seemed to say that she heard and understood this strange call of the wild, and might have responded, could she have done so without forsaking her post of duty at the foot of my cot. Every rustle of leaves meant that some prairie mouse was foraging for crumbs and seeds, or that a drowsy bird was changing his position in the vines; and sometime, during each night, would sound the plaintive, hesitant call of a billy owl.

Placing my cupped hands to my lips, in the way Father had taught me, I would answer the little brown creature; and for several minutes we would "talk" back and forth — a prairie girl to a prairie bird.

One night, when I was still a very small girl, my mimicry was good enough that I succeeded in calling one of the little owls to the house. Approaching, closer and closer, he finally settled on the porch floor with a soft flutter and turned his head to regard me quizzically, almost as though he were wondering what sort of creature it might be who spoke his language in such atrocious fashion, yet was forever trying to converse with him!

Our homestead was situated not far from the Black Hills, and electrical storms occurred frequently throughout the summer months. Mother and Father had exercised great care in impressing upon me the beauty and majesty of a storm, and had never represented it to me as a matter for dread or alarm. As a consequence, I felt no fear of those nocturnal displays of might — not even when jagged lightning snapped and crackled and filled the air with tingling static that seemed to creep into one's very flesh and bones; nor even when great volumes of thunder rolled across the dark prairie hills to engulf our little cabin in a windy world of fury and violence.

These electrical storms generally abated quickly and unproductively; but, now and then, one would bring rain or hailstones. When the wind-hurled drops began to beat through my leafy curtain, I would hop out of my cozy nest, roll my bedding, and retreat hastily to the dry interior of the cabin.

With sunrise, next morning, we would look upon a spanking new land! The wild cucumber vines and The Front Porch would be washed clean and bright; and all our small empire would be steeped in the fragrance of wet pine boards, and steaming tar-paper, and rain-freshened prairie grass.

I loved the sound of the rain, and the clean, sweet smell it brought to the land. But more than all, I loved the bright mornings that followed after . . . .

A bright morning meant that once again my bed could come out on The Front Porch.

Recipes for Bread and Rolls

Rhea H. Gardner

Enriched White Bread
Makes Two Loaves

7 c. sifted enriched white flour
½ cake yeast, softened in ¼ c. lukewarm water 80° to 85° F.

Place in mixing bowl:

2½ c. scalded milk	3 tbsp. sugar
3 tbsp. shortening	1 tbsp. salt

When milk mixture has cooled to 90°F., add 4 c. sifted flour and beat well. Add the softened yeast. Add more flour, enough to make a soft dough. Mix until the dough forms in an elastic ball in the bowl. Cover and let rest 10 to 15 minutes. This will make the dough easier to knead. Put ½ c. flour onto the kneading canvas and rub it into the portion where you will do the kneading. Knead 10 to 15 minutes. Cover the bowl or crock tightly. Keep the fermenting dough in a warm place, 80°F., away from drafts, until it is almost tripled in bulk. This will take about one hour and forty or fifty minutes for white dough. Punch it down, turn it over, cover, and let rise for about 1 hour. Mold into loaves and put into pans.

Part of the white flour may be substituted with whole-wheat flour. Keep whole-wheat dough as soft as you can possibly handle it. Whole wheat dough ferments much faster than does white dough. If it once gets too light, the finished bread will be coarse and crumbly.

Foundation Recipe Sweet Yeast Dough

1	yeast cake softened in ¼ c. lukewarm water
1 c.	milk, scalded
1½ tsp.	salt
¼ to ½ c.	sugar
⅓ to ½ c.	shortening
1 or 2	eggs, beaten
1 tsp.	grated lemon rind, if desired
4½ c.	sifted flour (use as much as ½ whole wheat flour, if desired)

Soften the yeast in the lukewarm water. Scald the milk, cool to 90°F. Add shortening, salt, and sugar. Add flour to make a thick batter. Add yeast, eggs, and lemon rind. Beat well. Add more flour, enough to make a soft dough. Cover and let rest 10 to 15 minutes. Turn out on a lightly floured canvas-covered kneading board.

Knead well until the surface is smooth and satiny, and is covered with tiny blisters. Place in an oiled bowl. Cover tightly and let rise till slightly more than doubled in bulk. Punch down and let rise 30 minutes. This second rising makes rolls with finer texture. Punch down and let rest 10 minutes. Shape into desired rolls. Cover and let rise in a warm place 80°F to 85°F. until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven 375°F. 20 to 25 minutes for small or medium-sized rolls, or about 35 minutes for coffee cakes.

Toppings for Sweet Rolls

Streusel:	¼ c. butter	¼ c. sugar
	¼ c. sifted flour	¾ tsp. cinnamon
Almond:	½ c. sliced almonds	¼ c. sugar
	½ tsp. cinnamon	
Orange:	¼ c. grated orange peel	1 c. sugar

Grate the yellow peel from the oranges. Rub into the sugar. This will keep indefinitely in your refrigerator if it is covered tightly.

Butter Scotch Pecan Rolls

One recipe Foundation Sweet Yeast Dough
½ c. melted butter or other shortening
1½ c. brown sugar
1 c. pecan halves

Put ½ tsp. butter, 1 tsp. brown sugar, and three or four pecan halves into each cup of the oiled muffin tins.

Roll sweet yeast dough into long narrow sheets one-half inch thick and 8 inches wide. Brush with melted butter and sprinkle with brown sugar. Roll up, jelly roll fashion. Cut into 1-inch slices. Place slices with cut edge down into prepared muffin tins. Cover with a damp cloth and let rise in a warm place (80° to 85°F.) away from drafts until doubled in bulk. Bake in 375°F. oven 20 to 25 minutes. Let rolls stand in pan one minute before turning out.

Harriet McNeil Bradshaw Enjoys a Life of Creativity Through Hobbies

THE hobbies of Harriet McNeil Bradshaw, seventy-nine, of Salt Lake City, Utah, have provided a satisfying source of creativity. Many of the pieces which she has started as hobbies have been inevitably given to her family and friends. Other articles beautify her home. Ten years after her marriage to John Bradshaw, she owned thirty quilts of her own making, and during the years she has made nearly one hundred and fifty quilt tops. The homes of her six children are beautified by her quilts and other articles of exquisite handwork.

She embroiders and crochets pillow cases, doilies, hot pads, and chair sets. A crocheted bedspread is one of the loveliest pieces of her handicraft. Her own designs are worked into many of the articles. She also mends and upholsters furniture and makes rugs.

Sister Bradshaw has been active in Relief Society for many years, having served as a counselor in the Francis Ward Relief Society, South Summit Stake, Utah. She has been a visiting teacher for nearly fifty-four years.

My Guiding Light

Lucile Tournear

MY mother was so quiet and unassuming that many of her closest neighbors never really learned to know her; yet she was truly a friend to the friendless, and a comfort to the lonely hearted.

My early childhood would have been desolate indeed without her love and devotion. How clearly I remember a conversation that went something like this. "Mamma, will you read to me now? Just a few pages, Mamma."

I would carry a book into the kitchen where my mother was ironing, or to the dining room where she sat at her sewing machine. Sometimes I followed her to the back porch where she scrubbed clothes on a washboard. Her explanations that she must first finish her work, were always gentle and patient. Never did she raise her voice in anger or impatience. More often than not, she would leave her work only to finish it later in the evening when I was tucked safely into bed. Due to her kindness and tact, I was eight years old before I realized that I was blind.

When a teacher was found to teach me braille, Mother learned braille with me. Since we could see the teacher only once a week, Mother felt that my progress would be too slow with so little help, so my education became another of her many tasks. When I did enter a day school for the blind, I was able to go into the fifth grade with the children in my own age group. Had she merely been the traditional busy housewife, this would have been noteworthy enough, but since she was the sole provider for four children, it was remarkable. By taking in washing and sewing, working in the homes of neighbors, and remaking second-hand clothing which friends and relatives contributed, we were able to manage.

My mother was often asked why she did not send me away to school. In those days, practically all blind children attended special state institutions. To such questions Mother would say: "I want Lucile to have the same love and care that my other children have. Now that she has learned to read, we can manage until the class for the blind in Los Angeles is ready."

When the class was finally organized, Mother sold our home in the small town of Compton, where we had always lived, and moved to Los Angeles. This was in 1919, shortly after the close of World War I, and houses were scarce and rents were high. Even in those days people were not anxious to rent to families with children, and widows with children presented a real problem. Then, too, they were afraid the little blind girl would fall and get hurt, and they did not want to be responsible. However, finally we were able to rent an apartment, with the understanding that we would move as soon as possible. Within a month we found a house. I know now that Mother's great faith and fervent prayers were responsible for this.

PEOPLE wondered how Mother would earn our living in a strange community where we knew no one. She had told no one what

her plans were, and, to this day, I am not sure whether she had made any definite decision as to what she would do. However, the problem seemed to solve itself, and on her long walks during the house-hunting period, she had discovered that many people were renting their spare rooms, and that such rooms were in great demand. Since the school I was to attend was near a university and many students needed living accommodations, Mother opened a rooming house.

AS I made friends with the blind students in my school, we also took some of them into our home. There was Marguerite the little girl whose parents were in the restaurant business, and were busy until late in the evening. Could someone care for the child after school hours until her parents could come for her? I told my mother what the situation was, and Marguerite practically became a member of the family. This resulted in a beautiful friendship for me which will never die. Marguerite became much closer to my mother than to her own, because she was with my mother during the years of adolescence when a girl needs a mother's companionship most.

Since we lived only four blocks from my school, our home became the favorite visiting place for my friends. Mother never minded their noise. She loved the piano playing and singing, no matter how long the music sessions lasted. I know that she was terribly disappointed that I never became a musician, but she never mentioned her disappointment. My friends were sure that when they came to our house, refreshments would be in order. Mother's homemade cookies and chocolate cake were always a delight. Whenever there was a school picnic, there were always two or three friends ready to share my lunch with me. Mother's deviled eggs and well-filled sandwiches were always popular.

I never could have finished high school and college without Mother's help. In the late twenties and early thirties, there were very few textbooks to be had in braille. Mother did most of my reading. She also spent long hours dictating French to me, and I transcribed page after page of it into Braille. I wonder now why my teachers did not assign certain paragraphs to me, so that Mother would not have had to spend so many hours dictating the long lessons. Mother never complained, however; she wanted me to read just what the class was reading. She read French beautifully. Though she had only gone to a small country school which took her through the Fifth Reader only, she had learned to speak French at home as her parents spoke no English. Because Mother had read French prayers in her childhood, she never learned to pray in English. Marguerite and I used to tell her she had two voices, one for French and one for English. The French voice had a nostalgic tenderness in it like soft, sad music.

Mother never liked to go to bed until all of us were safely tucked in. When I sat up late typing my college notebooks, she would sometimes drop off to sleep out of utter weariness, but before I finished my work, she would always wake up and bring me a steaming cup of cocoa.

"You're so tired," she would say anxiously, "you'll kill yourself working so hard." It never occurred to her to say "I'm so tired."

Since we had to take in roomers, we never had much privacy as a family. Strangely enough we didn't mind this too much, because Mother had a way of making them seem a part of the household. They all loved her because she was friendly without intruding in their affairs.

Mother loved all people. She took Ester Lo, a lonely Chinese girl student into our home, and did what she could to make the strange girl feel at home in a foreign country. She encouraged Ester to bring her Chinese school friends in, and our house often reeked with the odors of strange Chinese foods which she cooked in our kitchen. The unfamiliar guttural sounds of the Cantonese dialect they spoke made us feel that we had indeed been shifted into a strange new world. When Ester presented Mother with a box of candy at Christmas, and a Christmas card came from her boy friend, Mother's holiday season was complete.

Though Mother was much too busy to attend clubs or to have hobbies, she did love to go to shows, both the movies and stage plays. We saw some wonderful pictures and plays together. People used to ask my mother how I could enjoy them. "I tell her the pictures and read her the titles on the screen," she answered simply. "The stage plays are easier because she can learn the voices."

When talking movies came in, Mother's task was much easier, and the pictures took on new life. Nevertheless, due to Mother's careful descriptions, I was able to follow the stories of the silent pictures and enjoy them perfectly. Often we could discuss these pictures at home, and Mother would laughingly tell friends that she had tried so hard to make the pictures clear to me that I could tell the story better than she could.

WHEN my sisters and I had all married, Mother gave up our old home and divided her time among us. We tried to persuade her to live with a friend, or rent an apartment so that she could have a permanent home, but she would not do this. Her life had been lived so completely for her children that she seemed totally incapable of creating a life for herself. I felt guilty when she lived with my husband and me because she insisted on doing all of the housework. I was always to her "her little girl." It wasn't that she wanted me to be dependent upon her; on the contrary, she was very anxious for me to become self-reliant, knowing that there would come a time when she could not be with me.

She went to her heavenly home on a thirty-first of December. How fitting that she should start a new life with a new year! Her work on earth was well done; she would not have wanted to stay here any longer.

Because of her, I have never known a world of darkness. Because of her, I have been able to live a busy and happy life. With her as my inspiration, I shall continue to do so. As she always has been, she always will be my guiding light.

Helping Hands

Flo Whittemore

I had not invited her to come into my home that morning. I had not even been wishfully thinking (as I have so often since) that she would come. Yet, at nine o'clock, there she was, energetically scrubbing away on my dirty woodwork and looking as cheerful, I thought to myself, as though she enjoyed it.

"Why?" I questioned almost aloud as I watched her from the davenport where I was lying. Then, as if an effort to discover "why" was too much exertion for a body weakened by illness and a mind weary of trying to solve problems, I said a bit querulously to myself, "Oh, well, if she *wants* to do it, it's perfectly all right! Only I don't see why she should *enjoy* doing it!"

She was our very capable, very much loved Relief Society president. When I had answered her knock on my door that eventful day, she had smiled pleasantly as she asked: "How are you this morning?"

Glad to have anyone come in, I quickly bade her enter. But before I could tell her of my aches and pains and discouragement, she had said: "I think you'd better just lie down again and take it easy. You've been pretty sick, you know. I didn't have anything in particular to do today, so I thought I'd just slip in here and wash your woodwork and clean your windows for you. I know it must be hard to lie there and look at all these things that need doing."

All of a sudden, a spark of interest stirred inside me. "It will be nice," I acknowledged, "to have the windows washed, especially this one in front of me. It's so smoky, everything looks gray outside."

"I know. Almost gives you a gloomy aspect of life, doesn't it?" she replied cheerily as she proceeded to undo the bundle of cloths she had brought.

Hmmm! I thought, "almost!" Why shouldn't I be altogether gloomy just lying here day after day. And I retired again into my morbid thoughts.

I had known Lola as president of Relief Society; I had been a visiting teacher for nearly two years. When I became ill, she had called, bringing me a bouquet of blooms from her rose garden. I loved those! But why should she suddenly take a notion to come into my house and clean it up? My conscience was beginning to prick a little—but I don't care, I told myself, how dirty it is. It doesn't matter to me; I'm just too tired. But she doesn't need to act as if she so much *enjoyed* doing it. . .I'm sure I shouldn't enjoy cleaning up somebody else's dirty house. Oh, well! people are different, I guess.

And then I became fascinated as I watched her quick, vigorous movements: up and down and across, not a stroke wasted. Lola was like that in everything she did. Without saying a word, she radiated life and good cheer. Deftly, almost gracefully, I thought, she bent to wring the water out of the scrub cloth as she wiped the clean white wood

with clear water before polishing it with a dry cloth.

WE didn't talk; I was too tired. But it seemed to me only a matter of a few minutes until all the woodwork in the living room was spotless.

"It does look better," I acknowledged aloud; "I didn't realize it was so dingy."

"Well, with a coal fire, it doesn't take long," Lola answered as she picked up the pans of dirty water.

Then, stepping quickly into the kitchen, she got a smaller pan of clean water and soap and returned to the living room window.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, as she squeezed some of the water out of the cloth and started washing the glass, "I have some window-cleaner. It's easier."

But before I could get my slippers on, she stopped me.

"Never mind," she said, "I like this way better. Guess I'm just old-fashioned." And she laughed good-naturedly. Then, as an afterthought, she added: "Unless you'd rather I used the glass-cleaner."

"Oh, no! It makes no difference to me," I replied, and sank back with a sigh onto my pillow. Secretly, I thought: That's strange. She not only *enjoys* working, but evidently likes to do things the *hard* way.

But hard way or not, in a very short while she had both of the windows and the glass in the door so clean and shining that one could almost believe there was no glass in the frames at all!

For the first time since she had come, I think I smiled, and something deep down inside me fluttered ever so slightly. I felt it, but refused to give happiness a chance. Instead, I pulled down the corners of my mouth again and turned my face to the wall.

If Lola was disappointed, she gave no sign; but resolutely filling her pans with clean, warm water, she began scrubbing the woodwork in the bedroom, all the while whistling or humming a cheery accompaniment to the rhythmic movements of her hands.

Listening, my thoughts went back many years to a sunny morning at my grandmother's home in a little town in Utah when I had first met Estella Wight, who became a cherished and lifelong friend. She was gaily singing as she scrubbed out a wash on the board. A girl of ten years, I looked at her with wonder, to be singing on wash day!

Now I was far away from Estella, but here was another person much like her, cheerily singing her way into my life, whether I would or not.

Then I happened to glance at the clock. It said "11:30."

Lola will be hungry, working as she has all morning, I thought. Maybe I *could* get some lunch ready.

I arose and went into the kitchen, and, by the time lunch was on the table, Lola had finished the woodwork and windows in bedroom and bath.

I don't remember what I prepared for lunch or what we talked about as we ate; nothing very personal, anyway.

Then Lola washed the dishes while I wiped them.

"Now you'd better lie down again," she said, "you've been sick a long time and you are not strong yet. You must remember to take it easy for awhile. Don't try to do everything all at once when you can get up and around."

Her smile, her sympathy, warmed my heart, and I went back to the davenport gladly, with not the least desire to argue. (How I'd changed!)

Two hours or so later, my small kitchen was spick and span: walls, cabinets, floor, doors, and windows.

As Lola prepared to leave, I got up to thank her. I expressed appreciation, in a matter-of-fact way, for her efforts to help me, and I was glad to have my house clean, too.

"It was nice of you to do it," I said. And then, as she chatted happily about making some bright ruffled curtains for the kitchen windows, the miracle happened.

I glanced down at her hands that must have been lovely when she came to my house that morning. I could see that they were small and beautifully shaped with tapering fingers that looked more like they should be skimming over piano keys than scrubbing dirty woodwork.

But now they were red, rough, and scratched, the nails cracked and broken. Dismayed and ashamed, I would have cried out, but before I could say a word, Lola was gone.

Remembering the diamonds in the bands that circled her finger, I knew she did not have to do the menial tasks that she had done so *willingly* in my home. For me—to help lift me up out of the discouragement and despair into which I had fallen and give me a new hold on life for *love of me*, she had scrubbed and scoured, not caring, not thinking for a moment what was happening to her hands. They looked so sore, they must have hurt her, but there was no word of complaint—just song!

At that moment, it was as though a spring shower had suddenly descended upon my spirit and was cleansing it of all the accumulation of doubt and despair and weakness that had piled up during months of illness. And in the swift upsurge of spirit, I prayed to be worthy of the ministry of hands!

Words

Ida Isaacson

Tablets of stone may waste away—
Leaving an image of decay.
A word leaves an imprint on the mind
That may inflame or bless mankind.
An innocent child hears an evil word,
And forever after his memory is stirred.

Words are the stepping stones of thought,
And over a word battles are fought.
The mind selects the intent it will use;
The tongue reveals the mind's hidden views.
So mighty are words they never die;
And time makes no difference to a lie.

So Dear to My Heart

Ruth Young

I revisited you, old chapel, out at West Jordan last night. Forty-one years you have served the people—you dear, rambling, old chapel. Some have called you ugly—with your steep narrow stairways and four stories of classrooms. To me you have ever been beautiful and comforting—my Balm of Gilead—with your stone entrance ways thrown wide like arms stretched forth to greet me.

My ancestors helped to build you, hauling granite stones by wagon down from nearby Little Cottonwood Canyon for your huge foundation. By the way you were constructed, they must have believed you would endure forever. But now—just a stone's throw south of here—there stands a splendid, shiny, very, very modern new chapel, with stairs designed for easy walking, lower ceilings, and a good heating system. But you have a personality—you dear, old, friendly building.

Once you had three huge stained-glass windows . . . one to the east . . . one to the north . . . and one to the south. Their subject was an ebony bowl of sky-blue flowers against an amber and violet and green background. How easy it is to remember long years back when I was a skinny little girl sitting on a bench—feet not quite touching the floor. It had been a Fast Day—and my tummy was being gnawed by hunger pains; but the people kept getting up "bearing their testimonies." I had long ceased to listen, and was eagerly watching the floor beneath my bench. When the

sun shone upon a certain section of brightly colored green glass in the window it would appear on a certain section of the wood floor. Then it would be time for the bishop to stand up and end the meeting. I had learned this through many Fast Days. It was my own private sundial long before I could read a clock.

Then—one Sunday morning just four years ago, we were shocked to discover that some boys had spent the night throwing boulders through your beautiful sky-blue flower windows, absolutely destroying the north and south ones. Next week you were repaired—but with plain, ugly glass instead; but, the glory that once was yours still looked eastward toward the morning sun.

I was baptized in your little "boiler room" and confirmed on the front bench of your chapel, one lovely morning in May. I remember sitting there awaiting my turn, looking upward at the peaceful figure of Jesus in the big oil painting which

used to hang near the organ. That old organ of yours looked like the one up in the Tabernacle. Of course, the pipes were dummies—but how splendid they seemed way up high behind the pulpit.

Your main assembly room was magnificent, with its so-high ceiling and the fancy carving way way up there in the center. The floor of your chapel slanted downward. People sat on long wooden benches. The visibility was perfect! The bishopric and choir sat on the stand—which was a grand affair, with a rail running in front of it.

I have been in every one of your rooms but one. The Tower Room. Somehow or other I've never found an opportunity to go up that narrow, rounding stairway. What mysterious things might be there!

I married the boy I sat next to down in your missionary classroom. So that room holds sweet memories for me.

Oh, how the memories and ghosts of the past walk through your silent hallways now! Farmers, lawyers, bishops, teachers, stake presidents, musicians, mothers, fathers, leaders of industry, and artists all have loved you. They have learned counsel in your rooms — and have sung the songs of Zion therein.

My favorite memory is the year I attended seminary in your far northeastern basement room. The walls were plain granite and very cold in winter. The floor was uneven cement. Yet, it all became Bible land for me! Adam, Father Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses — all the great men of the Old Testament became alive in that humble room. I know the very music we sang surely must have become embedded into the stone. We meant it that much!

Last winter, while waiting for the doors to open for Relief Society, I started doing sketches of you. People have discovered how very difficult you are to photograph. You are so big that in order to get all of you in the camera's lens, the photographer must climb a fence and walk out into a cow pasture. Then, your doorway and one window (the stained-glass one) become hidden by locust trees. The back is easy to photograph — but who wants to remember that only? So—after many, many sketches — using an artist's right to subtract trees — I finally got you down on paper. About that time, my Relief Society president informed us that we were to have a bazaar; and that each woman should donate an article she had made herself. I can't sew—I can't embroider — my cakes taste like leather — so the only thing left was my sketch of you. It *sold!* Orders came in by the dozens! I am so delighted! The money is going to be used to help buy the drapes for our Relief Society room in our new building.

I hope you won't mind, dear old chapel. You will be torn down shortly. This way, all the ones who have adored you will have your picture to remember always — pasted safely in their Books of Remembrance.

My heart still aches a bit when, coming out from our brightly lighted new meetinghouse, I see your dark tower and spire. I must remember that outgrowing things we love, is never a pleasant process.

The Lord's Unit

Janice Stock

I belong to the best unit in the world. I call it Rho Sigma. But why the blank looks? Had I said N. L. U. or Idaho Club or Y. C.'s there would have been recognition in your eyes. You may think that it is a new unit. It is, here on the Brigham Young University campus. This is its third year, but I am surprised that you haven't heard of it, for it has been in existence since 1842 and is known all over the world! Yes, I mean *world*, for there are few countries and languages which do not know Rho Sigma.

It is not a religious unit, or a service unit, or a departmental or social unit, but is a well-balanced combination of all four. In fact, we may say that the Thirteenth Article of Faith is our creed: "We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men . . . ." Indeed, true charity is the soul of our unit . . . . "If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."

In this unit I have found those things which every true Latter-day Saint seeks: a strengthening of my testimony through reading and studying the Scriptures, and an appreciation and deepening of my testimony through hearing the testimonies and experiences of others. Have you ever heard of a unit which converts others to the Church? Mine has converted many.

One of our members had her testimony strengthened and renewed by attending our meetings. She enjoyed our unit and used the principles to such good advantage that her roommate who was not a member became curious and was impressed to ask more about the Church. After attending some of our meetings and being thrilled by what we were doing, she gradually became better acquainted with the Church and soon joined it.

But this is more than a religious unit, we offer service, too. In fact, service is emphasized at all times. We are interested in the welfare of the individuals in our group and in helping them we strengthen the group as a whole, for we are not just a name but an active organization. Those who receive as well as those who give in this unit are benefited morally and spiritually.

BUT, in addition to these praiseworthy characteristics of religion and service, we offer a departmental program. We better ourselves through the great literature, sociological, and domestic knowledge of the world. Over a period of time we cover the world's best literature. In the field of sociology we have studied man's problems, psychology, politics, and our relations with others. We prepare ourselves to be better wives and mothers through the best ways to manage a household and understanding what constitutes a real home. We were given an example one day in meeting

of how an economical, practical, and versatile wife can be a profit to her husband. He would have to invest $40,000 in order to receive in dividends each year the money his wife could save him. That shows how important a capable wife is.

YES, here we learn of those things virtuous, lovely, and of good report. But what of some recreation and social life? Doesn't all work and no play make Rho Sigma a dull unit?

Oh, but we have a social side, too. Almost any day of any week we can join with members of the Phi Epsilon unit in making and preparing articles for those who are less fortunate than we. We have an organized singing group which sings at parties and programs. We have dinner dances, buffet suppers, bake sales, and exchanges with the Phi-Epsilon unit.

So, you see this unit combines all the good of the social, departmental, religious, and service units into one well-balanced whole which keeps the unit always interesting, yet always changing.

This well-balanced combination of social activities, service, and knowledge is not just for my benefit here at school. I can belong to my unit and benefit from it the rest of my life. It will broaden my spiritual and mental capacity, and thus make me a fitting partner for my companion and help me become a worthy Latter-day Saint. It has been said, "When you educate a man, you educate an individual, but when you educate a woman you educate a family." Men need to learn specialized work to enable them to support their families, but we women should learn all we can in the most important fields, if we want to take our part well and strengthen our husband's place in the community. We are the hub of the home, and our duties are to rear families, to teach our children correct principles to live by, and to give them broad backgrounds and strong foundations with which to meet the world. We are prepared for this very well by my unit, for it gives us many opportunities to become well-rounded individuals.

Through my affiliation with this unit, I will find members wherever I go during my life, for we can belong all our lives wherever we are, and can receive instructions from headquarters and induce others to join. One of our members, after graduation, was married to a man whose work took them to a foreign country. They didn't know anyone and had no connection with the community except through the husband's work. The wife was very lonesome and bored, and you can imagine her joy and surprise, when members of the unit called on her and invited her to join them in the same effective, uplifting program she had known during her college days.

Surely, such a comprehensive unit with all these benefits, should be very selective and limit its members. It doesn't. Every girl on campus can belong. There needs be no selection, for this unit appeals to only the best girls. There is no initiation; the lack of money is no barrier; in fact this unit is the least expensive of any unit or sorority in

the world. A half dollar will pay for all the activities in one year.

There are no "secret sisters"; all will be "helpful sisters," who will help me be my best and not hinder me because they want the higher positions. There will be no falling away because of the demands of families or because we grow old and do not resemble so much the former coeds; no disappointments at college reunions that others have grown so old and uninteresting or seem to be pursuing their lost youth. For those who grow old in this unit gain wisdom and knowledge and hidden stores of spiritual beauty which grow more lovely and desired with the years. The unit does not weaken at graduation with a few alumni meetings which become fewer and fewer with the affiliation becoming smaller. Instead, it grows stronger and stronger with the years, and the membership grows with it. It grows into a true sisterhood, with love and charity for all, and those who remain true to this unit remain true to the ideals of Christ.

You can see I really have something! A unit which is a combination of social growth, education, religion, and service. It is so beneficial that its effects will be with me forever, and every woman in the Church can belong to it everywhere. Where else would you get a combination just like this, to interest a girl in her teens and a wife and mother in her later years? To promote the common good and personal welfare of all? Where else but in Rho Sigma, or by its better known name: RELIEF SOCIETY.

Prelude to Winter

Miranda Snow Walton

The purple grapes hang heavy on the vine,
A pumpkin patch lies bursting with its load:
The pasture fence is blue with columbine,
And goldenrod grows tall beside the road.
The whir of combine and of reaper calls
Across the ripened fields, and sheaves of wheat
Stand waiting, while the hazy sunlight falls
Upon a land whose harvest is complete.

But when the ground lies barren in the snow,
And ghosts of roses only dream rebirth,
When frost has seared the fields, and wet winds blow,
What recompense can winter bring to earth?
The answer comes with each succeeding day:
The joy of work well done, the quiet peace
Of softly falling snow, the hearth fire's ray,
And faith which gives a saddened soul release.
Yes, he who sows good seed, need have no fear
When harvesting is done and winter near.

Heart's Bounty

Chapter 5

Deone R. Sutherland

Synopsis: Annie Griffith, whose father, with his family, has been called on a mission to the mountains to cut stone for the temple, is living with the Williams family in Salt Lake City, where she is being educated, with Marie Williams, under the direction of a private tutor. Light-hearted Marie is an indifferent scholar, but Annie makes a fine record in all her studies. Both girls are interested in Parker Josephson, a neighbor, who returns from three years of study in the east to find the girls grown up. Marie has assumed that Parker is in love with her, and that eventually they will marry. However, it is Annie whom he seeks out. Arrangements are made for Parker to teach at the university, but he receives a call to fulfill a mission in the Hawaiian Islands, and leaves for three years. Annie is offered a teaching position at Walton Academy in Salt Lake City, but, since her parents have moved back from the mountains to their farm north of Salt Lake, Annie returns home and becomes a teacher in the Davisville school. At Christmastime Annie attends Marie's marriage to Billy Johnson.

THE following winter Aaron Davis, old Mrs. Davis' grandson, returned home from a mission to England. His grandmother had once been employed by the Queen of England. After she and her husband had joined the Church and decided to travel to America and then West to Zion, the Queen reluctantly had let her go. But she gave Mrs. Davis a pension for life, and even now old Mrs. Davis received her publications and mail from England. So she was more than thrilled when one of her favorite grandsons fulfilled a mission in her native country. Needless to say, she was proud and happy to see him return home. His father operated a small mill and farm in the settlement just below the old Davis house.

Annie grew more used to her role as school mistress for her little school. The children were alert and responded eagerly to Annie's guidance. The second year was offering more rich rewards than Annie had hoped. She really felt that these children would someday bring credit to their heritage.

Aaron Davis stopped in at the school to bring his thirteen-year-old sister home with him on his horse. Sister Davis had introduced him to Annie. At first Annie had felt great timidity toward the crusty, stiff little lady from England, but, gradually, she had found the generous heart beneath.

"I want to present my grandson, Aaron." The old lady had smiled. "Annie has heard us talk of nothing but you for months, Aaron."

"I've heard very nice things about Sister Griffith," Aaron had replied in turn.

After that there were frequent accidental meetings between Aaron Davis and Annie Griffith. She greeted him at church, and he met her family. He asked once if he might accompany her to church, but she assured him that it would be out of his way, and, since her parents always attended, there was no necessity for him to make the long trip. Aaron Davis danced with Annie as many times as she allowed at the ward parties, but there was no ques-

tion but that she would just as soon dance with her brothers.

One afternoon Annie sent her brothers home immediately after school to help their father with the chores. She remained as she felt the room should be straightened and some work made ready for classes on the next day. After some time she looked up with a start and realized that it was almost dark. By now, no doubt, her father was carrying in the milk pails and helping her mother spread the cheesecloth and strain the milk. She thought of the steam curling up from the pans on the back porch. They would certainly be finished with dinner before she got home. She put on her coat and mittens and wound her heavy woolen scarf about her head and throat. The snow had been coming down intermittently all day. She had better get started at once.

SUDDENLY, Aaron Davis was standing in the schoolroom door. "I've been waiting to ride home with you, Annie. The snow might be a little deep for your Baldy to cope with."

"There's no need," Annie protested, feeling the color in her cheeks. "I've ridden home in deeper snow than this."

"Grandmother said you should stay the night, but doubted if you would. So it will really make her feel better, if I don't let you go off alone. It's a little later than you usually leave, and she's afraid it will be quite dark before you get home."

Aaron Davis wound his muffler tighter and pulled on his gloves. There was nothing for Annie to do but follow him out to the barn for their horses. The snow was deep, and, except for shouted comments on the best path to follow and how deep the snow in the gulch looked, there was little conversation. When Annie reached her own home, both she and her horse were quite exhausted.

"Will you come in and warm up a little before you start back?" Annie asked.

"With pleasure. Here, I'll take care of the horses."

Aaron put them in the barn while Annie removed her boots on the back porch and went in to warm herself. In a few minutes Aaron Davis followed.

The boys enjoyed Aaron's jokes, and her mother and father appreciated company any time. When he was asked to eat supper with Annie, he never hesitated. The boys were shooed off to bed, and Brother and Sister Griffith sat in their rockers by the fire and enjoyed the stories Aaron had to tell about England and the many converts he had met.

When he rose reluctantly to start back, Annie's parents spoke warmly of how much they had enjoyed his company.

"I should like to come again," Aaron said to Annie at the door.

"I'm sure my parents would be very happy to have you visit any time." Annie could not look at him.

"What of you, Annie?" Aaron Davis waited a moment for her reply.

In a very low voice Annie said, "I am not sure that it would be honest of me to urge you to visit me."

"You are engaged to someone else?" Aaron asked in surprise.

"No, but I met someone else once, and I haven't forgotten him. I have little reason to hope that he remembers me, but it wouldn't be fair to you to let you think . . . ."

"I'm willing to take my chances," Aaron said firmly.

"I can't do anything else except wait for him," Annie said miserably. "I'm sorry, Aaron."

"I'm going to say goodnight," Aaron said. "But I can't pretend that I don't hope that things will turn out differently from the way you indicate they may now. I have had a wonderful, if dashing, evening anyway." He managed to smile and shake her hand briefly in parting.

ANNIE worked very hard with her teaching the rest of the year. One of her most promising older students was beginning a preparatory course for higher education. He hoped someday to become a doctor in order to serve his community, and Annie worked very hard with him, giving him personal help far beyond her strength or time allowed. She wanted him to be able to go out as well prepared or better prepared, perhaps, than other students with whom he might compete.

"You are wearing yourself out," Mrs. Davis said indignantly to Annie when she was later and later getting away from the school.

Annie's face had paled, and her thinness showed in her face and hands. "Summer will be good for you. All work and no play is not what our Church recommends for anyone, young lady. You are not being fair to yourself. And you are not fair to the young men who would enjoy dancing with you and calling at your home. You know I have the finest grandson . . . ."

Annie spoke in a very low voice, "That's what my parents tell me all the time, Sister Davis."

The old woman cleared her throat. "Well, don't let me add to any of the problems you're already wrestling with. The spring sunshine, perhaps, will change your heart."

Annie rode her horse slowly home. Her solitary figure going through the fields of snow had now become an accustomed sight for the farming people. Tonight she rode slowly because she felt she must think. The snow was at last beginning to thaw. It was a late spring. Her parents had begun to urge, more strongly than ever, that she be not so blind to the good qualities of Aaron Davis. And, if to him, then not to be blind to the virtues of other young men who were equally worthy.

Marie had written of the many undreamed joys she had discovered with the birth of her first baby. And now she was expecting her second. Annie knew she could not deny herself the richness of life that was to be found only in a family of her own, but what of Parker? It was already a month past the expected date of his arrival home, and there had been no word of him, no sign.

Annie felt somehow that if he really had come home to Zion, her heart would know it. He had been delayed. Perhaps they needed him in Hawaii for a longer time than was expected. It was a long time to

remember a person anyway. She should have forgotten him as he must have forgotten her. How untroubled he had been over Marie's marriage; how did she know but that he would be equally untroubled over her own? Her heart protested at the thought.

ANNIE corrected papers at the kitchen table while her mother fried mush for their supper. None of them claimed it as a favorite dish, but, when too much was made in the morning, they had to eat it at night. No food was ever wasted. Annie leaned her chin on her palm and closed her eyes. She was almost too weary to see the columns of figures before her. The children were so discouraging sometimes, and then, at other times, so rewarding they made her want to shout for joy. This was one of the discouraging times. Perhaps her own hidden agitation reflected somehow in the work her students had done that day.

"The ward is having a May Day picnic and a dance in the evening." Her mother leaned over the stove. "I think we should all go and enjoy ourselves."

"Of course," Annie said. The waiting must come to an end sometime.

On Saturday Annie drove her father's team and wagon into the settlement to pick up a part of his plow he was having repaired. He could not spare the time, and Annie had an errand to do for her mother, anyway. The spring thaw had really set in now, spring had rushed upon them pell-mell in its eagerness to make up for lost time. The mud in the roads was more than ankle deep in places. She walked carefully along the board sidewalk holding her dress up from the brown spattered path. The blacksmith loaded her father's plow repair on the back of the wagon, and then helped her up.

Just as she swung into her seat, Sister Showers from the General Store hurried out, tying her bonnet as she came. "Annie, Annie, wait a moment." She stopped at the edge of the sidewalk. "Brother Showers says there was a man here not more than an hour ago asking for you. He asked where you lived, he did." Sister Showers' eyes were bright with curiosity.

Annie's heart had given a sudden leap, but then she forced back the surge of joy she had felt for a moment. "Thank you very much. It was probably someone about Talbert Wilson's scholarship next year. Yes, that must be it."

Sister Showers nodded her head slowly. "Probably that was what he wanted. Said he'd come from Great Salt Lake City. He was a mighty fine looking fellow, Father said. He's probably on his way out to your farm now. So long, see you May Day, Annie."

Annie backed the wagon slowly and started the trip back. The plow part rattled lonely in the back of the wagon. She refused to let herself consider that it might be Parker Josephson. And yet she could not bear to think that it might not be he.

ANNIE heard Parker's voice the moment she entered the house. She leaned against the back door listening to the murmur of voices coming from the little parlor. Her

heart hammered so that she could not trust herself to move forward. Her hand brushed at her wind-blown hair. She was standing like that when Parker came to the door and saw her.

Her mother was calling out. "Annie, is that you? Here's a friend of yours who has come quite a distance to see you."

Parker stood in the doorway, looking across the kitchen, across three years into her eyes.

Annie leaned against the door, with the color high in her cheeks and her dark hair curling against her forehead. She was filled with incredible shyness. Then Parker came to her and took her hands in greeting. Why, Parker's hands were as cold as her own!

She looked up to meet the laughter dancing in his eyes. The day was full of joy. Parker was home, really home.

"I've been telling your mother about myself. It seems you haven't told her nearly enough about me. Or perhaps I took too much for granted?"

"No, you did not," Annie replied softly. She tried to move away, but Parker still held her hands. He was peering so intently at her face that she could not look away.

"Well . . . ." Annie's mother stirred in her chair. "I'll just go start our dinner. I hope you'll stay and join in our dinner with us?"

"I would like to very much," Parker said, as he followed Annie into the parlor. "I've been looking forward to this meal for over three years, so you can see how much I'll appreciate it."

"Well, you just make yourself at home." Annie's mother was already thinking about what vegetables she would need out of the dirt cellar.

"I have a feeling I'm home at last," Parker smiled at Annie. "Come on, we'll help your mother cook a homecoming dinner."

Annie's mother watched them making their way to the dirt cellar, jumping the puddles hand in hand. Such young laughter, thought Annie's mother. She nodded her head contentedly. So full of happiness that sound was that it made her smile to hear it. She now understood why Annie had had no interest in other young men.

(To be concluded)

I Thank Thee

Caroline Eyring Miner

I thank thee, Lord, for little things:
The kettle on the stove that sings;
A baby's cry; the dimpling pool
Where raindrops splatter; and the cool
Dark shadows when the day is bright;
The stars that prick the cloak of night,
And pin the sky so it won't fall;
The wondering eyes of children; all
The little seeds that lift the sod
And tell the secret that is God.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Luana C. Heaton

SOUTHERN FAR EAST MISSION, CLARK AIR BASE (PHILIPPINE ISLANDS) RELIEF SOCIETY ORGANIZED

Front row, seated, left to right: Maxine Taylor (Ogden, Utah), Second Counselor; Marlene Gifford (Emmett, Idaho), President; Verda Rice (Mesa, Arizona), First Counselor.

Back row, standing, left to right: Hazel Jensen (Great Falls, Montana); Nina Staples (Mesa, Arizona), Secretary-Treasurer; Darleene Masonheimer (Blackfoot, Idaho).

The first meeting of this group was held at the home of Maxine Taylor, and plans for the work of the organization were outlined. The members, coming from widely separated areas in the United States have found a common sisterhood as Relief Society women united in friendship and service.

Luana C. Heaton is president of the Southern Far East Mission.

Photograph submitted by Vivian R. McConkie

ENSIGN STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH), NORTH EIGHTEENTH WARD VISITING TEACHERS DINNER

Seated, center: Eva B. Groesbeck and her sister Bell Barton.

Seated, left to right: Louise Widmer, a convert from Germany; Georgia V. Stam, a convert from Holland; Hazel Spencer, visiting teacher message leader; fifth from the left: Charlotte Spencer, a convert from Germany, in charge of lunches; twelfth from the left: Noonie V. E. Garfield, a convert from South Africa; sixteenth from the left: Mary Schindler Neilson, guest reader; seventeenth from the left: Dorothy Y. Dye, guest soloist; eighteenth from the left: Susanna Kruys, a convert from Holland, *Magazine* representative.

Standing, left to right: Annie M. C. B. Overdick, a convert from Holland; fifth from the left: Nina W. Poole, chorister; left to right, from Sister Poole, Relief Society officers: Maud T. Harrison, Secretary-Treasurer; Blanche S. Haymond, First Counselor; Ruth Lillian W. Harris, President; Virginia D. Young, Second Counselor; Elva T. Cowley, Stake Relief Society Counselor; Katherine S. Smith, work meeting leader, and twentieth from the left: Donna Y. Cook, author and reader of original poem.

President Harris reports: "Two former visiting teachers, Eva B. Groesbeck, eighty-nine years old, and Bell Barton, eighty-seven years old, were honored on this occasion. Both have served the Church throughout their long useful lives. Sister Groesbeck has given sixty-eight years of service as a visiting teacher, commencing her Relief Society work at the age of seventeen, at which time her mother was released as president of the Eighteenth Ward Relief Society. Bell Barton learned to sew at the age of seven years, using the first sewing machine brought to Salt Lake City. She is a former instructor in sewing at the University of Utah, and still finishes the edges of our quilts as they are taken off the frames. Both Bell and Eva were born in the little home that still stands on the corner of "B" Street and Third Avenue in Salt Lake City, and have lived there until two years ago, when they moved to a small apartment nearby.

"All present were inspired by Sister Groesbeck as she expressed her gratitude for her early training in righteous living, and we counted our blessings as we listened to stories of carrying water from the well and milking cows on the grounds where modern apartment houses now stand.

"Donna Y. Cook, in an original poem, paid tribute to the visiting teachers. There are eight foreign-born converts to the Church among our visiting teachers, but several were absent when the picture was taken."

Vivian R. McConkie is president of Ensign Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Alta Fuhriman

NAMPA STAKE (IDAHO) WORK MEETING, April 19, 1956

Kneeling in front, left to right: Clara Adamson; Ella Fair Foster; Helen Young.

Standing, left to right: Vella Moon; Mary Ferrell; Winnie Andrews; Mavis Humphreys; Margaret Hook; Carrie Pierce; Larue McKnight; Melba Reynolds, Work Director Counselor; Hyla Clopier, with baby; Oneta Burman; Gladys Egbert, project supervisor; Anna Peay, work meeting leader; Alta Fuhriman, President, Nampa Stake Relief Society.

Sister Fuhriman reports that this all-day work meeting was spent in refinishing furniture. Meetings of this type are held in Nampa Stake four or five times a year during the lesson months of Relief Society. Each work director counselor and work meeting leader is invited to attend. Each meeting features a different art or craft, which is later presented in the wards by the ward work meeting leaders.

Photograph submitted by Mona H. Brown

TWIN FALLS STAKE (IDAHO) VISITING TEACHERS LUNCHEON AND CONVENTION, June 5, 1956

Front row, seated, left to right: Clois Owens (a visiting teacher for thirty years); Katie Clawson (thirty years); Jeweue Cook (twenty-eight years); Jennie Hansen (forty years); Ellen Owens (forty-two years); Jane Gardner (fifty-five years); Lenore Carroll (forty years); Bertha Mae Hansen (thirty-three years); Emma McArthur (forty years); Geneva Moyes (thirty years).

Back row, standing, left to right: Goldie Tolman (twenty-eight years); Zenia Egbert (thirty years); Winiefred Whitehead (thirty-four years); Emily Anderson

(thirty-four years); Robina Adamson (thirty-four years); Maude Crump (forty years); Mary Stanger (thirty-five years); Nettie Jenkins (thirty-five years); Vera Holland (thirty-one years).

Mona H. Brown, President, Twin Falls Stake Relief Society, reports: "The Twin Falls Stake and twelve ward Relief Society organizations held a visiting teachers luncheon and convention, June 5, 1956, in the Twin Falls stake house. Musical numbers and four skits showing the correct method of visiting teaching and presenting the stake visiting teacher message for the summer months comprised the program. Eighty per cent of the total number of visiting teachers (320) in the stake were present. All visiting teachers with twenty-eight or more years of service were honored.

Phot graph submitted by Rue Del Makelprang

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, ORLAND BRANCH CLASS LEADERS AND VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT CLOSING SOCIAL, June 12, 1956

Front row, seated, left to right: Theresa Sims; Neola Hallows; Mary Williams; Nadine Crisaffi; Joan Watson; Lizzie Johnson.

Second row, standing, left to right: Martha King; Marna Linzy; Vearl Hassard; Irma Angus, recently released as president of the Shasta District Relief Society, now a class leader; Vada Malnar; VerLee Schenk; Hannah Bihler; Goldie Tracy.

Back row, standing, left to right: Leola Jacobson, First Counselor and visiting teacher; Mabel Heaton, President; Jennie Parker, Secretary and visiting teacher.

This small Relief Society, with a membership of fourteen, has a Singing Mothers chorus, and every member sings in the group.

Amelia P. Gardner is former president of the Northern California Mission Relief Society. The recently appointed president is Hazel Sperry Love.

Photograph submitted by Minnie L. Angus

ROOSEVELT STAKE (UTAH), NEOLA WARD RELIEF SOCIETY HONORS ELDERLY MOTHERS

Front row, seated, left to right: Amanda Duncan; Addie Peterson; Eliza Mitchell; Hattie Gurr.

Back row, standing, left to right: Elizabeth Prescott; Christa Leavitt; Jennie Woodward; Catherine Whitmore.

These mothers, all of them more than sixty-five years old, were especially honored by the officers of the Neola Ward Relief Society and each was presented with a lovely handmade corsage.

Minnie L. Angus is president of Roosevelt Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Celeste D. Millerberg

EAST JORDAN STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS UNITED FOR TWENTY YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Retta Griffiths; Edith Beckstead; Hazel Anderson; Anna Drake; Sarah Sjoblom.

Back row, standing, left to right: Hattie Scoggan; Nina Larson; Merle Nickleson;

Elsie Peckham; Lodema Jensen; Amanda Johnson; Eddly Peckham; Ethel Jackson; Connie Mathews; Mary Orton; Vera Jenkins.

These Singing Mothers have been united in musical activities for twenty years. However, the original ward in which they began their activities has been divided so many times that it is now impossible for them to sing as representatives of a particular ward, but they are continuing their musical activities in the wards where they reside. They meet together three or four times a year for socials and renew the ties of music and friendship which have so long bound them closely together.

Members of the group not present when the picture was taken are: Merle Stow, Vasta Wanberg, Jane Thomas, and Bertha Eggleson.

Celeste D. Millerberg is president of East Jordan Stake Relief Society.

October

Vesta N. Lukei

The white oak flings autumn fire
Against the mountain slope,
Its leaves as bright as young desire
That burns with dreams and hope.

This flaming hour is gold and brief,
As fragile as first love.
Keep love alive, though soon the leaf
Falls softly from above.

Sunflowers

Luella N. Adams

Along the highways and byways
Blooming in profusion gay,
The cheery, sturdy sunflowers
Brighten each summer day.

Their faces aglow with sunshine,
These common yellow flowers
Expect no tender care, they flourish
Through drouth or freshening showers.

In summer, nectar for honey bees;
Come autumn, their precious seeds
Provide a feast for chickadees;
In winter, squirrels feed.

Sunflowers, commonplace, you say,
Blooming in wild profusion;
The Creator with common things
This miracle world did fashion.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 44—The Fall of the Nephite Nation As Recorded by Mormon

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Book of Mormon, chapters 1-7; Moroni, chapters 7-9)

For Tuesday, January 8, 1957

Objective: To show how continued wickedness destroys a nation when it does not repent.

THE Book of Mormon which follows Fourth Nephi was written by Mormon, the son of Mormon, who was a descendant of Nephi. This same Mormon abridged the large plates of Nephi on gold plates which he himself made and thence the entire abridgment of the history of the Nephites which was translated by the Prophet Joseph Smith goes by the name The Book of Mormon.

In Mormon's writings on the history of the Nephites which he personally witnessed (from about 322 A.D. to 400 A.D.) Mormon recounts the fall and virtual extinction of the Nephite nation.

Records Entrusted to Mormon

Mormon was born into an environment that could have made him an unbeliever, a skeptic, a man of the world. During his lifetime the Nephites and the Lamanites were living in sin and abomination. Mormon says, ". . . a continual scene of wickedness and abominations has been before mine eyes ever since I have been sufficient to behold the ways of man" (Mormon 2:18). It was a period of superstition, idolatry, and self-indulgence. Witchcraft, sorcery, and magic abounded among the people. It was in this world of magic, human sacrifices, and unrestrained indulgence that Mormon lived, not an environment to encourage the elevation of the human spirit or the expansion of the human mind.

Mormon was born about 311 A.D. He was named after the land of Mormon where Alma baptized and established the Church. (See 3 Nephi 5:12.) In 321 A.D. Ammaron, keeper of the sacred records, came to Mormon, who was then ten years of age, and said:

I perceive that thou art a sober child, and art quick to observe;

Therefore, when ye are about twenty and four years old I would that ye should remember the things that ye have observed concerning this people; and when ye are of that age go to the land Antum, unto a hill which shall be called Shim; and there have I deposited unto the Lord all the sacred engravings concerning this people.

And behold, ye shall take the plates of Nephi unto yourself, and the remainder shall ye leave in the place where they are; and ye shall engrave on the plates of Nephi all the things that ye have observed concerning this people (Mormon 1:2-4).

The following year when Mormon was eleven, his father took him southward to the land of Zarahemla (Mormon 1:6). It was a densely populated area, with a people who are described as being ". . . as numerous almost, as it were the sand of the sea" (Mormon 1:7).

Mormon Forbidden to Preach Because of the Nephites' Wickedness

In that year, a war broke out in the borders of Zarahemla by the waters of Sidon between the Nephites and the Lamanites. The Nephites, with an army of over thirty thousand, overcame the Lamanites and restored peace for a period of four years.

Concerning the state of wickedness that existed at that time among the Nephites, Mormon wrote that:

. . . wickedness did prevail upon the face of the whole land, insomuch that the Lord did take away his beloved disciples, and the work of miracles and of healing did cease because of the iniquity of the people.

And there were no gifts from the Lord, and the Holy Ghost did not come upon any, because of their wickedness and unbelief (Mormon 1:13-14).

At fifteen years of age amidst these conditions, Mormon ". . . was visited of the Lord, and tasted and knew of the goodness of Jesus" (Mormon 1:15). Mormon tried to preach to the people, but he was forbidden because they had willfully rebelled against God. The Nephites suffered because of the hardness of their hearts and the Lord ". . . cursed the land for their sake." Their treasures ". . . became slippery . . ." as the Gadianton band was renewed.

And it came to pass that there were sorceries, and witchcrafts, and magics; and the power of the evil one was wrought upon all the face of the land, even unto the fulfilling of all the words of Abinadi, and also Samuel the Lamanite (Mormon 1:19).

Mormon, large in stature in his sixteenth year, was called to lead the armies of the Nephites. The Nephites retreated before the armies of the Lamanites and lost a fortified city and other lands. Finally, they gathered in the land of Joshua on ". . . the borders west by the seashore," (Mormon 2:6) in one body. They still refused to repent, even in the midst of ". . . a revolution throughout all the face of the land" (Mormon 2:8). In 330 A.D. the Nephites, with an army of 42,000, defeated King Aaron of the Lamanites with an army of 44,000.

Then followed a period of repentance from which Mormon took joy:

But behold this my joy was vain, for their sorrowings was not unto repentance, because of the goodness of God; but it was rather the sorrowing of the damned, because the Lord would not always suffer them to take happiness in sin.

And they did not come unto Jesus with broken hearts and contrite spirits, but they did curse God, and wish to die. Nevertheless they would struggle with the sword for their lives.

. . . my sorrow did return unto me again, and I saw that the day of grace was passed with them, both temporally and spiritually; for I saw thousands of them hewn down in open rebellion against their God, and heaped up as dung upon the face of the land. And thus three hundred and forty and four years had passed away (Mormon 2:13-15).

Mormon Leads the Nephites

By 345 A.D. the Nephites were again fleeing from the Lamanites, this time to the Land of Jashon, near the place where Ammaron had hid the records in the Hill Shim. By this time Mormon had taken the plates of Nephi and had engraved thereon a full account of all the wickedness and abominations, but upon "these plates" [the abridgment] he engraved only a part (Mormon 2:18).

In the future, Mormon tried to encourage the Nephites to fight. With thirty thousand they defeated a Lamanite army of fifty thousand. By 349 A.D. the Nephites again had possession of the lands of their inheritance. A treaty of peace in 350 A.D., however, divided the inheritance and gave to the Nephites ". . . the land northward, yea, even to the narrow passage which led into the land southward . . ." (Mormon 2:29).

Mormon records:

And it came to pass that the Lord did say unto me: Cry unto this people — Repent ye, and come unto me, and be ye baptized, and build up again my church, and ye shall be spared.

And I did cry unto this people, but it was in vain; and they did not realize that it was the Lord that had spared them, and granted unto them a chance for repentance. And behold they did harden their hearts against the Lord their God (Mormon 3:2-3).

In 360 A.D. the king of the Lamanites sent an epistle to the Nephites telling them that they were preparing to attack the Nephites. Three times Mormon ". . . delivered them out of the hands of their enemies . . ." (Mormon 3:13), but they still refused to repent. In fact, they swore:

. . . by the heavens, and also by the throne of God, that they would go up to battle against their enemies, and would cut them off from the face of the land.

And it came to pass that I, Mormon, did utterly refuse from this time forth to be a commander and a leader of this people, because of their wickedness and abomination (Mormon 3:10-11).

Nephites to Be Destroyed

At this time the voice of the Lord came to Mormon, saying:

Vengeance is mine, and I will repay; and because this people repented not after I had delivered them, behold, they shall be cut off from the face of the earth (Mormon 3:15).

Mormon writes:

. . . I utterly refused to go up against mine enemies; and I did even as the Lord had commanded me; and I did stand as an idle witness to manifest unto the world the things which I saw and heard (Mormon 3:16).

Mormon Addresses Future Generations

Therefore, Mormon then says:

. . . I write unto you, Gentiles . . . unto you, twelve tribes of Israel, who shall be judged according to your works by the twelve whom Jesus chose to be his disciples in the land of Jerusalem . . .

unto the remnant of this people . . . that ye may know that ye must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, yea, every soul who belongs to the whole human family of Adam . . . to be judged of your works, whether they be good or evil. And also that ye may believe the gospel of Jesus Christ, which ye shall have among you; and also that the Jews, the covenant people of the Lord, shall have other witness besides him whom they saw and heard, that Jesus, whom they slew, was the very Christ and the very God (Mormon 3:17-21).

Nephites Wage War of Revenge

In 363 A.D. the Nephites went to battle against the Lamanites, otherwise ". . . the Lamanites could have had no power over them. But behold, the judgments of God will overtake the wicked; and it is by the wicked that the wicked are punished . . ." (Mormon 4:4-5).

Now Mormon wrote:

And it is impossible for the tongue to describe, or for man to write a perfect description of the horrible scene of the blood and carnage which was among the people, both of the Nephites and of the Lamanites; and every heart was hardened, so that they delighted in the shedding of blood continually.

And there never had been so great wickedness among all the children of Lehi, nor even among all the house of Israel, according to the words of the Lord, as was among this people (Mormon 4:11-12).

Mormon ". . . seeing that the Lamanites were about to overthrow the land . . ." (Mormon 4:23) went to the Hill Shim and removed ". . . all the records which Ammaron had hid up unto the Lord" (Mormon 4:23).

Mormon repented of the oath he had made that he would not help the Nephites any more and again he led their armies. Mormon, however, was without hope, for they would not even call upon God.

Record to Testify of Christ

Mormon wrote he could not describe the bloodshed and carnage, but he said that:

. . . these things are written unto the remnant of the house of Jacob . . . .

and behold; they shall come forth according to the commandment of the Lord . . .

unto the unbelieving of the Jews; and for this intent shall they go—that they may be persuaded that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God; that the Father may bring about, through his most Beloved, his great and eternal purpose, in restoring the Jews, or all the house of Israel, to the land of their inheritance, which the Lord their God hath given them, unto the fulfilling of his covenant;

And also that the seed of this people may more fully believe his gospel, which shall go forth unto them from the Gentiles; for this people shall be scattered, and shall become a dark, a filthy, and a loathsome people, beyond the description of that which ever hath been amongst us, yea, even that which hath been among the Lamanites, and this because of their unbelief and idolatry (Mormon 5:12-15).

Nephites Fight Last Battle Around Hill Cumorah

In 380 A.D. the Lamanites came in such great numbers that they defeated the Nephites. When 384 years had passed away since Christ's birth, Mormon, by means of an exchange of letters with the king of the Lamanites, had gathered in all his people around about the Hill Cumorah. The Nephites, 230,000 strong, were soon engaged in deadly conflict with the Lamanites.

Mormon writes:

. . . when we had gathered in all our people in one to the land of Cumorah,

behold I, Mormon, began to be old; and knowing it to be the last struggle of my people, and having been commanded of the Lord that I should not suffer the records which had been handed down by our fathers, which were sacred, to fall into the hands of the Lamanites, (for the Lamanites would destroy them) therefore I made this record out of the plates of Nephi, and hid up in the hill Cumorah all the records which had been entrusted to me by the hand of the Lord, save it were these few plates which I gave unto my son Moroni (Mormon 6:6).

A dreadful battle was waged and, at the conclusion of the battle, all the Nephites had fallen except twenty-four who were with Mormon (including his son Moroni), and a few who had escaped into the south countries and a few who had joined the Lamanites. Mormon uttered an anguished lament as he saw the fallen of his people. (Read Mormon 6:16-22.)

Mormon Admonishes Lamanites of Latter Days

The seventh chapter of Mormon is addressed to the Lamanites of this day, calling upon them to repent and be baptized and ". . . lay hold upon the gospel of Christ, which shall be set before you . . ." (Mormon 7:8).

Chapter eight of the Book of Mormon begins the writings of Moroni, the son of Mormon, who tells us that his father Mormon was killed by the Lamanites. Moroni tells us "Behold, my father hath made this record, and he hath written the intent thereof . . ." (Mormon 8:5).

Mormon's Teachings on Faith, Hope, and Charity

In the Book of Moroni, we find that Moroni presents some teachings of his father, Mormon, on faith, hope, and charity in Moroni, chapter seven. These teachings and writings reveal the great revelations which came to Mormon on the subjects of faith, hope, and charity, culminating in the statement not found in Paul's epistle to the Corinthians:

> But charity is the pure love of Christ, and it endureth forever; and whoso is found possessed of it at the last day, it shall be well with him (Moroni 7:47).

Two Letters of Mormon to His Son Moroni

In addition to writing his abridgment of Nephite history and attaching the small plates of Nephi to his record, Mormon wrote seven chapters of the Book of Mormon and the "Words of Mormon." The Book of Moroni also contains two letters which Mormon wrote to Moroni found in Moroni chapters eight and nine.

In chapter eight Mormon states that little children have no need of repentance or baptism; and in chapter nine Mormon, after relating atrocities committed by the Lamanites, gives to Moroni "A Father's last and affectionate admonition."

Mormon's Abridgment of the Plates of Nephi

Mormon abridged the large plates of Nephi. Making the abridgment was a tedious process. Using the large plates of Nephi as source material, Mormon compiled the history of the Nephites and Lamanites from the time they left Jerusalem in 600 B.C. until 385 A.D., a period of almost a thousand years.

Mormon did not claim perfection for his work. (See 3 Nephi 5:8-26;

Mormon 9:32, 33.) Moroni, Mormon's son, relates that his father used reformed Egyptian because Hebrew required too much space. He further states that if Mormon could have used Hebrew there would have been no imperfection in the record.

To Mormon, the saints today owe an eternal debt of gratitude for his work in their behalf in the latter days.

Questions on the Lesson

1. Discuss the fulfillment of the prophecies of Samuel and Abinadi.

2. What kind of sorrowing did the Nephites express for sin?

3. What work did Mormon do with records?

4. When does God withdraw his spirit from us? What is the result?

5. Discuss Mormon as a scholar? A leader of men? A religious leader?

Visiting Teacher Messages—
Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 44—"And Wo Be Unto Him That Will Not Hearken Unto the Words of Jesus, and Also to Them Whom He Hath Chosen and Sent Among Them; For Whoso Receiveth Not the Words of Jesus and the Words of Those Whom He Hath Sent Receiveth Not Him; and Therefore He Will Not Receive Them at the Last Day" (3 Nephi 28:34).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, January 8, 1957

Objective: To point out that hearkening to the words of Jesus and to the words of those whom he has chosen to lead the Church are required of Latter-day Saints.

IN the above quotation Mormon gives us two closely related principles fundamental to our Church. The first one is that if we accept Jesus as the Christ, we must also accept his words and his doctrine. Jesus and his words are inseparable. He is what he has taught. Secondly, it is required that we wholeheartedly accept those who are ordained to act as his representatives and that we accept their words. This acceptance is an indication that we accept the Lord and his words.

In the General Church Conference of April 1955, Elder George Q. Morris stated:

> . . . it is our most serious duty in life to know him [the Lord] and love him . . . . The Lord Jesus Christ is not on trial before the world . . . . The world is on trial before the Lord Jesus Christ, and we will have to account for the attitude taken toward him and his message, and we cannot accept him without accepting his principles and his doctrines . . . . Another thing that the world must understand if they will know the truth . . . is that those who receive or reject the teachings and testimonies and admonitions of the servants of God receive or reject the Lord Jesus Christ. He said to the seventy when he sent them out to preach the gospel: "He that heareth you heareth me; and he that despiseth you despiseth me . . ." (Luke 10:16. *125th Annual Conference With Report of Discourses*, pp. 101-102).

Sometimes the payment of tithes is mentioned as being an indicator of faith and adherence to the commandments of the Lord. Likewise the sustaining of the Authorities of the Church is an indication of faith in the divinity of Christ. It has been stated that the first step to apostasy is criticism of the Authorities. In *Discourses of Brigham Young* we read:

> When a man begins to find fault, inquiring in regard to this, that, and the other, saying, "Does this or that look as though the Lord dictated it?" you may know that that person has more or less of the spirit of apostasy . . . . If the people would live their religion, there would be no apostasy and we would hear no complaining or fault-finding (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, pp. 83-84).

Let us rejoice that in the Church we have great and good men to lead us — men chosen of God who have his authority to further his purposes.

In the Doctrine and Covenants we read:

> . . . my word shall not pass away, but shall all be fulfilled, whether by mine own voice or by the voice of my servants, it is the same (D. & C. 1:38).

Work Meeting—Food Preparation and Service

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 4—Breads

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, January 8, 1957

THE smell of freshly baked bread in the home once was a common occurrence. Today, comparatively few homemakers take the time to make bread, in spite of the fact that homemade bread is still one of the surest routes to a man's heart, and very nutritious. Anyone who is willing to practice and follow a few simple directions can make good bread.

Equipment and Supplies Needed

The right kind of equipment will help to assure good results. You will want equipment for making accurate measurements. An earthenware bowl or plastic crock helps to keep the temperature of the dough more nearly constant than do metal containers. Fill the container with warm water when you start to make the dough, so it will be warmed through when needed. A canvas-covered kneading board makes it easier to work dough without sticking. Keep the dough as soft as possible for each handling. A soft dough makes better bread and rolls than does a stiff one. Rub flour into the canvas or on the board before you start kneading.

Ingredients

Good bread may be made from hard or from soft wheat flours. All-purpose or family flours are made from a blend of wheat.

Breads made with milk have more food value than do those made with water, and they stay fresh longer.

Moreover milk gives the bread a more velvety texture. Fresh liquid milk, evaporated milk, or powdered milk, all make good bread. Fresh milk should be scalded, but evaporated and dried milk do not need to be. Yeast grows best in an even temperature of 80° F. Try to have all the liquids which are used near this temperature and keep dough as near this temperature as possible at all times.

Shortening makes the gluten mesh-work of the dough more elastic, so the gas can expand freely and easily. Salt helps control fermentation and improves the flavor. Sugar is the food from which the yeast plant makes the leavening gas and also aids in the development of a good brown crust. One tablespoon for each cup of liquid is sufficient for plain bread.

Kneading

Proper kneading makes the cell walls thin and tender, as well as more elastic. If you will let the dough rest ten or fifteen minutes after you mix the ingredients together, and before you start kneading, the dough will be less sticky and easier to handle. Learn to knead the dough quickly and easily. If the dough seems tense and hard to handle during the kneading, instead of elastic and pliable, pick it up and throw it hard onto the kneading board a few times. This will relax the dough and shorten the kneading time. Continue the kneading rhythm ten or fifteen minutes or until the dough is smooth and satiny and has many little blisters just under the surface, and it feels springy and elastic and does not stick to the canvas nor to your hands.

Oil the inside of the bowl or crock with a thin film of melted fat. When the kneading is finished, put the dough into the oiled bowl or crock. Turn the dough over, so there will be a film of fat on the top. Cover tightly and keep away from drafts. The dough is ripe and ready to be punched down when doubled in bulk. Punch the dough, all around, a few times with the hand, then turn it over with the smooth side up. Let double in bulk again.

Molding

Do not put fat on your hands before molding the loaves, or you may have streaks of fat where the dough will not seal together. This will leave cracks inside the finished loaf.

Place the molded loaves into oiled tins. Cover with a thin damp cloth and let rise until ripe for baking or double in bulk. Keep the cloth moistened while the loaf is rising, so the dough will not dry out. Bake in preheated oven.

Baking Time

The baking time varies with the altitude. The higher the altitude, the longer will be the baking time. Sweet breads and fancy rolls require a lower baking temperature (375°) than that recommended for plain bread (400°).

When bread has baked long enough, it will shrink slightly from the sides of the pan and sounds hollow when you thump it. Remove it from the tins onto cake racks and, when thoroughly cool, store in a cool place. In the mean-

time, however, if at least part of a loaf disappears, ask no questions. Hot bread, in company with fresh butter, honey, cold milk, and anyone with an appetite for the best in food, just doesn't keep long.

Note to class leader: If possible, arrange for the following: 1. have the ingredients ready for making a dough to use to demonstrate before the class; 2. have one batch of bread already mixed ready for kneading; and 3. a loaf of baked bread to show the results of the correct methods of baking.

Note "Recipes for Bread and Rolls," by Rhea H. Gardner, page 668, in this issue of the *Magazine*.

Literature—Shakespeare in Our Lives

Lesson 4—The Moral Shakespeare

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Text: *Shakespeare Major Plays and the Sonnets*, by G. B. Harrison, Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1948)

For Tuesday, January 15, 1957

Objective: To show that in his plays the artist Shakespeare reveals himself as a typical Elizabethan who, among many other values, knew and loved the Bible and its moral teachings; therefore he defined Truth truly.

"LET'S play house." Thus in unashamed delight our children escape into the never-never world of *play*. And "make-believe" for them is so charmingly simple, since it comes with complete spontaneity. Without doubt, the world of fantasy feeds their deepest, most real hungers, and the chant, "Mommy, tell me a story" echoes down the ages as proof that humankind, at least, in its unspoiled innocence, has no question about the superior values of living in the play-world which is only a miniature of grown-up actuality. Why else do little girls cherish dolls and tiny stoves "that really light up," while little boys mirror their fathers almost to make fathers ashamed, demanding saws and hammers, model trains and planes, submarines and torpedoes and, now, jets?

The Function of Art

Whenever we yield and tell our children a story, we fulfill the same relation to them as our artists do to us. It has ever been thus, and, to judge from the booming present-day sale of classical records, radios, TV's, magazines, and books, and attendance at movies and concerts, that need is a consistent one. As modern man's leisure increases, so does his need for entertainment, most of which is concerned with recreating reality in a more personal, condensed, memorable form than our rather monotonous, daily life. Yes, indeed, this is the timeless function of art: to recreate (or to interpret) the shapeless, massive reality which surrounds us, into a new form, which is colored by the artist's own personal perspective and values. Or in Shakespeare's own

words, his purpose is "to hold the mirror up to nature, as 'twere." And, inevitably, this mirroring of nature includes his own nature too.

A play is more than anything an art-form: it mirrors reality as the author sees it, neither as good nor bad, but as real. Shakespeare is our greatest writer, not because he is our greatest thinker or philosopher, but because he is the fullest, best artist; that is, he understands all humanity deeply, and can express his understanding in living images and language within his chosen medium of expression. But the characters whom he has created are not great because they are *true to life*: they are immortal because they fulfill their artistic function in the passage or play in which they appear. Most important, the play, as Shakespeare well knew, must be true to its own nature.

A great play is "an expanded metaphor," to use Wilson Knight's excellent term. It has a soul, a purpose, a reality of its own which are not the same as those we know in life. In real life we rarely speak soul-to-soul with each other; compared to figures in a drama, real people are quite silent and retiring. And it is the very function of plays to erect this art-work which in fiery phrases, sings out in the language of the soul which most of us conceal. Hamlet, for example, could never occur in real life, yet he is the greatest success on the stage, for there he exemplifies within himself almost all human emotions, bewilderingly yet really condensed. Like all of Shakespeare's greatest dramatic creations, he is the poetic, artistic shape given by his creator to a universal conflict, emotion, or thought.

Shakespeare's Sources

Perhaps the most popular but distracting hobbyhorse in the study of Shakespeare is the attempt to "explain" him. Since he was relatively unschooled, not a nobleman, and had no power nor influence outside the theater, it becomes a great temptation to point out what influences dominated him, and to reveal the sources of his ideas, skills, and beliefs.

In Lesson Two a scant introduction into this world was attempted, not in an effort to give Shakespeare sources, but to give ourselves sympathy and understanding. Only after such an introduction can we begin to see that Shakespeare, like every successful artist, cannot escape recording the spirit and texture of his day, but he does this secondarily; all his art and power begin in his own emotion and vision. As he succeeded magnificently in recording himself, then, did he record his age? Yes, evidences of Plato, Ovid, Plutarch, Holinshed, Dante, Copernicus, Machiavelli, Montaigne, Chaucer, and the Bible, have been found in his work; he incorporates all these, and he is none of them only.

It is worth noting that, of all these books, only Holinshed's *Chronicle* and Chaucer are "English"; all sources of his knowledge were derived from other cultures, including the Bible. Although more than ten different translations of the Bible had been made into English since William Tindale's first translation in 1526, the Geneva

translation (1560) was the one Shakespeare undoubtedly knew best. We cannot know with certainty whether the Bible was taught in Stratford grammar schools, or whether he came to know the Bible so well through attending church services and travelling cycle plays, which dramatized those episodes from the Old Testament which Shakespeare used in his plays; namely, Dives and Lazarus, Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Solomon, Job, Daniel, Herod, Judas and Pilate, the fall of Lucifer, the serpent in the Garden, the Flood, Moses and the Red Sea, etc. Most commentators agree that, as did the average Elizabethan gentleman of his time, Shakespeare knew his Bible well (actually he quoted from or made allusion to forty-two books of the Bible and six of the Apocrypha); they also agree that his images drawn from Biblical history were few in comparison with his extensive use of other image-sources, but that his frequent allusion to Biblical phrases and figures of speech is often passed over by the reader who does not know his Bible as well as Shakespeare obviously did.

For example, Shakespeare does not mention Joshua when in *King John* he alludes to the sun's standing still, or when, in *The Tempest*, Caliban recalls Jael's driving a nail into the head of Sisera. Richard III prays that the Lord may not hear women complaining with God's appointed leaders in the same tone as Shimei had cursed King David; Richard II contrasts Christ's reception of little children with his advice to the rich young man who asked what he must do to be saved. When Bottom, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, says, "The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was" (Act IV. 1:216), he makes an absurd comparison to I Corinthians, 2:9. In *2 King Henry VI*, II.i.34, the king says "For blessed are the peacemakers on earth," obviously referring to the Sermon on the Mount. Richard II paraphrases Luke 18:25:

> As hard to come as for a camel
> To thread the postern of a small needle's eye . . . .
>
> V.5

Job, Ecclesiasticus, Proverbs, and the Psalms—by the frequency of his quotations from them—seem to have been Shakespeare's favorite readings, surely for the pleasure he found in the word, as well as for the beauty of the truth which they contain. And while Shakespeare did not quote from the Bible in any such quantity as did his contemporary, Bacon, Shakespeare's genius is again revealed in the use he did make of quotations used, as exemplified above. Never does he misinterpret the Bible, as did Bacon, but, so accurately did he sense its intent and absorb its spirit, that his writings preserve its original flavor as well as the truth of its great teachings.

Shakespeare was also greatly indebted to his predecessors and contemporaries in the history of the English theater—the morality and cycle plays, the interludes, Seneca, Lodge, Nashe, Green, Kyd, Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, but, though he borrowed from some and

mitated others, they are not Shakespeare, individually or collectively. His plays are loaded with references to contemporary events and personalities. His largest, most pressing concern was to please a penny-paying audience next and every Tuesday; this he succeeded in doing only by making his plays contain the throbbing heart of Elizabethan England. How else could he appeal through the years to a zestful people who loved laughter, boldness, courage, display, and sensation, who were prosperous, hot-headed, industrious, devout, patriotic individuals?

The age gave Shakespeare his materials and themes. Yet it was his own high gifts as poet and playwright which gave these "things" shapes and identities. As he himself tells us of the function of a poet, "And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown, the poet's pen turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing A local habitation and a name" (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. 1:14).

The "Real" Shakespeare

Genius speaks to genius. One of the most piercing critical comments on Shakespeare is that of John Keats: "Shakespeare led a life of allegory; his works are the comments on it." Thus the "real" Shakespeare is the sum total of his plays, his poems, and his sonnets. The "real" Shakespeare is the comprehensive, universal observer who saw into all men's hearts and transmuted his living, contemporary values both of personality and of belief, into immortal art.

Surely contemporary accounts are "real." Without exception each recorded description refers to him as "our Shakespeare" or "my Shakespeare." Aubrey, the son of one of his fellow-players spoke of him as "a handsome, well-shaped man, verie good company, and of a verie ready, and pleasant and smooth wit." Ben Johnson disagreed fiercely with Shakespeare's dramatic theories, yet Shakespeare was one of the few friends with whom Ben never quarreled, and he said of him, "I loved the man and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any."

It is important to know that Shakespeare's plays fall into three groups which reveal much of his personal outlook. The first large, experimental period, ending in 1601 when he was thirty-seven, contained Senacan spectacle plays, light comedies and romances, and histories. The second, or dark period, extended from 1602 to 1608, when he wrote but two comedies and all his great tragedies, including *Timon of Athens*, so bitter in its denunciation of humanity that it is not considered a successful stage-play and is rarely presented. The final period, ending in 1612, includes *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest*, two of his happiest, warmest works; this, then, is a period of reaffirmation and expanding belief in the goodness of man, nature, and life. That he stopped writing when he was only forty-eight, right at his peak, when honor, success, and material return were sweetest, is worthy of note.

But we must go one step further. If the "real" Shakespeare is to be found only in his plays, to

which real Shakespeare do we refer? The common error in eighteenth and nineteenth century criticism was to create Shakespeare in the image of the critic's own personality and prejudices, which makes much of this criticism worthless. Even in the present day, he is claimed by every group, but, for every claimant, evidence can be found in the plays which cancels out any such slanted approach. For, if the plays are acceptable evidence, Shakespeare knew Catholicism and Anglicanism and Puritanism; he could have been all or none. No one has been more in love with love, yet no writer has so heartily condemned the shortcomings of woman. Some find in him the stirrings of democracy, yet none feared the undisciplined mob more than he: it merited his entire contempt. His *Henry* V has been described as the pure epic of English patriotism, yet he uses Falstaff to poke the bitterest fun at all those who honor the military. If Shakespeare is the characters he creates, then in one creation he is honest, in another lying and treacherous. In one play he is mad, in the next a fool. But why go on? Any and all are his creations; and insofar as each makes his soul-language contribution to the artistic whole, that character should be considered part of the "real" Shakespeare.

The Moral Shakespeare

These moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud . . . .
Troilus and Cressida, II. 2.184

The more one reads Shakespeare, the more one realizes that:

It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.
A Midsummer Night's Dream, V. 1.120

In his estimates of what is true in nature and man, Shakespeare has offered that as good which most men who define humanity as optimistic and noble also call good. Often as artist he has been concerned only to present every shade and depth of life without pronouncing moral judgment, yet from his tone and from the imagery which fulfills his unconscious intent, we come to feel that we can know the inner spirit of the man. Not only could he see more of life's contradictions, pleasures, and pains than other men, but he had courage to present with balanced fairness all phases of life. Often in the most dismal of tragic scenes he uses humor as a means of interpreting life and adjusting to it, for instance the grave digger dialogue in *Hamlet*. Often, like the Elizabethans for whom he wrote, he has his characters laugh at their own weaknesses. But, in contrast to most of his contemporaries, he is always, in the final analysis, wholesome. Always in Shakespeare:

Love surfeits not, lust like a glutton dies
Venus and Adonis, 80:

Never is illicit love presented as healthy, nor even as cause for jokes and amusement. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, certainly the most important Shakespearean critic of his time, understood who Shakespeare was, for he wrote:

Shakespeare has no innocent adulteries, no interesting incests, no virtuous vice; he never renders that amiable which religion and reason alike teach us to detest . . .

If he occasionally disgusts a keen sense of delicacy, he never injures the mind; he neither excites nor flatters passion in order to degrade the subject of it; he does not use the faulty thing for a faulty purpose, nor carries on warfare against virtue by causing wickedness to appear as no wickedness through the medium of a morbid sympathy with the unfortunate. In Shakespeare vice never walks as in twilight; nothing is purposely out of its place; he inverts not the order of nature and propriety . . . .

Shakespeare saw evil in the world and depicted it honestly as evil. He does not blame sinners; instead he pities them, holding their sins, and indeed, all evils as corrupting diseases on the body of the world, which must be stamped out if the world is to remain normal and good. How well he knew that:

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together (*All's Well That Ends Well*, IV. 3).

Yet in his impersonal artist's approach, he could depict Shylock's cruelty and greed and cunning—all of which Shakespeare hated most—with such sympathy for the man they controlled, with such self-identification with Shylock's suffering that, despite Shylock's brutality, Shakespeare brings us to feel that he was wronged. Such compassionate identification with the vile and evil in man is one of Shakespeare's surest qualities of greatness.

Centures before the cult of lipstick triumphed, Shakespeare had Lear's wise fool observe that:

There was never yet fair woman
But she made mouths in a glass.

King Lear, III.2.35

Anyone who knows woman-nature this well, cannot surprise us with insights into human nature's moral depths. Sometimes he states his point almost flatly, and often he clothes his abstract concepts of right and wrong in vibrant, cutting imagery:

Plate sin with gold
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks.
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.

King Lear, IV.6.169

How well the perceptive Shakespeare knew the frailty of human justice, which is easily blinded by the sins of the wealthy, but prone to jump onto the tiny sins of the defenseless, uninfluential poor.

Shakespeare thus remains our greatest writer, not only because of his superb word-skill, but because, knowing mankind so deeply, he defined the true moral truths of man and God as the truths he honored; likewise his definition is that of all moral men in the western tradition of man. Had it been otherwise, Shakespeare could never have become the supreme spokesman for the enduring heart of mankind. In truth, his judgments constantly reflect the great moral values of justice and compassion and humility which represent the English Bible at its best.

Perhaps the greatest tribute to Shakespeare is that, increasingly, we feel his constant humility before the task of depicting all humanity. And because he succeeds so well in subduing his I-ness, his works are left free to speak for themselves. Never, as Christopher Marlowe observed, have we had such "infinite

riches in a little room." And perhaps, in this discussion of the soul of Shakespeare, Coleridge, because of his insight and high seriousness, again deserves the last word:

> I speak reverently, does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Why may the artist's truth seem truer than "actual" day-to-day truth?
2. Prove that Shakespeare knew the Bible well.
3. Can the "real," enduring Shakespeare ever be pinned down in a definition?
4. How can a writer who is held to be moral still see evil in the world about him and present it unflinchingly in his art?

Social Science—Latter-day Saint Family Life

Lesson 3—The Key Is Turned

Elder John Farr Larson

For Tuesday, January 22, 1957

Objective: To show significant steps in the organization of the Relief Society and the opportunities for service found in its objectives.

> And I now turn the key in your behalf in the name of the Lord, and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time henceforth . . . (Joseph Smith, April 28, 1842, *D. H. C.*, IV, page 607).

THE organization of the Relief Society, under the hand of the Prophet Joseph Smith, was in fulfillment of a revelation of the Lord. That its organization was inspired is evidenced by its accomplishments over a century of service. Within its stated objectives are found unlimited opportunities for personal improvement and service.

The year 1842 was one of great progress for the Latter-day Saints. It is described, in part, by the Prophet Joseph Smith. On March 1, 1842, he wrote his now famous "Wentworth Letter" (*Ibid.*, page 536). In response to a request of Mr. John Wentworth, editor of a Chicago newspaper, the Prophet sketched the history of the Church, and, in summarizing our beliefs, set forth our "Articles of Faith." After describing the terrible mob attacks of 1838 he wrote:

> . . . we arrived in the state of Illinois in 1839, where we found . . . a people who were willing to be governed by the principles of law and humanity. We have commenced to build a city called "Nauvoo" . . . We number from six to eight thousand here, besides vast numbers in the country around . . . . We have a city charter granted us, and charter for a Legion . . . for a University, for an Agricultural and Manufacturing Society, have our own laws and administrators, and possess all the privileges that other free and enlightened citizens enjoy (*D. H. C.*, IV, page 540).

Brief review should now be made of the last lesson in which is described the status of women in the early part of the 19th Century. It

was in this setting of limited legal, social, and economic position, with persecution and violence resting, that on March 17, 1842, eighteen women were organized as the Female Relief Society of Nauvoo. Shortly before this time, some of the women had expressed a desire for an organization of their own, and some preliminary steps had been taken by them, even to drafting a constitution and by-laws for a proposed organization. None of them, however, had contemplated the breadth of the Relief Society as envisioned by Joseph Smith.

Latter-day Saint Women Unusual

Early latter-day Saint women were superior women. Nowhere could there be found another group of women who had endured so much persecution and sorrow, who, in spite of this, were so well tempered by the gospel. The calibre of the women is well described in the Prophet's Annals of March 24, 1842:

> Our women have always been signalized for their acts of benevolence and kindness. . . . in the midst of their persecution, when the bread has been torn from their helpless offspring by their cruel oppressors, they have always been ready to open their doors to the weary traveler, to divide their scant pittance with the hungry, and from their robbed and impoverished wardrobes, to divide with the more needy and destitute (*Ibid.*, pp. 567-568).

He further writes:

> . . . and we are well assured from a knowledge of those pure principles of benevolence that flow spontaneously from their humane and philanthropic bosoms, that with the resources they will have at command, they will fly to the relief of the stranger; they will pour in oil and wine to the wounded heart of the distressed; they will dry up the tears of the orphan and make the widow's heart to rejoice (*Ibid.*, page 567).

Characteristic of the Latter-day Saints, complete minutes were kept of the organizational meetings of the Relief Society and much of the information in this lesson has been taken from this source.

Significant Observations

Three significant observations are noted in the organization of the Relief Society:

(1) The importance of *authority* is shown in its organization under the direction and after a pattern of the Priesthood.

(2) Within the circumstances surrounding the organization we find another principle, that of revelation.

(3) The purposes and objectives of the Relief Society, as stated by the Prophet, indicate a keen understanding of the needs of people, and, in light of present-day problems, demonstrate their *practical durability*.

Organized By Priesthood

The Relief Society was organized under the direction of the Priesthood of God. The Prophet Joseph Smith, who held the "keys" of the Priesthood, personally conducted the organization. He requested John Taylor, who later became President of the Church, to assume the chair, and appointed Willard Richards to act as scribe. President Smith gave detailed instructions to the women in parliamentary procedures. How strange this would have seemed to other women, not members of the Church, who were seldom recognized in this way. Each person who became a member was voted upon by all other members, thus stressing the importance at-

tached to membership and underlining *common consent*. Emma Smith was selected as President of the Relief Society, and she chose Sarah M. Cleveland as her first counselor, and Elizabeth Ann Whitney as second counselor. Eliza R. Snow was selected secretary." (For further interesting details of the organization see *Ibid.*, pp. 552, 567; *A Centenary of Relief Society*, pp. 14-18.)

Fulfilled Revelation

The organization of the Relief Society fulfilled a revelation of the Lord. In addressing the newly organized Female Relief Society—and this was often his forum—the Prophet referred to Section 25 of the Doctrine and Covenants, dated July 1830. This was a revelation of the Lord for the benefit of Emma Smith who at that time was a young woman of twenty-seven years. In the revelation the Lord referred to Emma as an "elect lady" and said that she would be ". . . ordained under his hand to expound scriptures, and to exhort the church, according as it shall be given thee by my Spirit" (D. & C. 25:7). The Prophet at the organization of Relief Society said:

> . . . I gave much instruction, read in the New Testament, and Book of Doctrine and Covenants, concerning the Elect Lady, and showed that the elect meant to be elected to a certain work, &c., and that the revelation was then fulfilled by Sister Emma's election to the Presidency of the Society (*D. H. C.*, IV, pp. 552-553).

Other significant words of the Lord are found in this revelation as follows:

> And verily I say unto thee that thou shalt lay aside the things of this world and seek for the things of a better . . . .
>
> Wherefore, lift up thy heart and rejoice, and cleave unto the covenants which thou hast made.
>
> Continue in the spirit of meekness, and beware of pride. Let thy soul delight in thy husband, and the glory which shall come upon him.
>
> Keep my commandments continually, and a crown of righteousness thou shalt receive. And except thou do this, where I am you cannot come.
>
> And verily, verily, I say unto you, that this is my voice unto all (D. & C. 25:10, 13-16).

Although this revelation was given to Emma Smith, note the Lord's word ". . . that this is my voice unto all." These words and this experience must have given great encouragement to these women.

Purpose of Relief Society

The purposes of the Relief Society, as stated by the Prophet Joseph Smith, have endured the test of time, and today still stand as worthy objectives. At the meeting on March 17, 1842, the Prophet said the Relief Society was organized:

> . . . that the Society of the sisters might provoke the brethren to good works in looking to the wants of the poor, searching after objects of charity and in administering to their wants—to assist by correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of the community, and save the elders the trouble of rebuking; that they may give their time to other duties, etc., in their public teaching (Relief Society Minutes, March 17, 1842, *Centenary of Relief Society*, page 15).

Subsequently he mentioned other objectives, including self-improvement, that of reforming individuals, and the practice of holiness.

It is interesting to observe that the purposes of the Relief Society are stated in the affirmative while a characteristic of most of the early women's organizations, usually reflected in their name, was that of being "anti" to some thing or condition. Possibly this might explain why so many of these organizations have long since dissolved and one reason why the Relief Society has continued to be a vital organization through the years.

In spite of great sociological advances in the 114 years since the organization of the Relief Society, seldom have there been greater opportunities for service than today. Many service areas, particularly those of a temporary nature, have changed very little over the years. For example, the necessity for help when death attends, for encouragement when sickness and sorrow are present, and for teaching the gospel to others, are as vital today as at any previous time. Neither has the need for stimulation to good work and approbation for accomplishment abated. Latter-day Saints have made tremendous inroads in solving many of the social problems of the day. The Gospel Plan throws light upon the solution of others. The challenge of the Relief Society objectives is shown by a consideration of some problems upon the American scene. The comments to follow are intended only to demonstrate the existence of some current vital problems and to stimulate thought on Relief Society objectives.

Some Objectives Applied

"In looking to the wants of the poor" are we sensitive to needs other than financial? Placing food in the stomach and clothes upon the back should be only the beginning of our concern. What of character, self-reliance, and encouragement? Are all needy receiving attention?

If we are truly "searching after objects of charity and administering to their wants" we will lend our stimulation to the search for knowledge with which to help man. In stretching the life span, new problems have been added to those of the aged. We need to examine their needs in light of our time. The prevalence of mental illness today suggests the need of further research. Little progress has been made in eliminating causes of mental illness, although treatment facilities and technique have made great strides. Disease, as known a century ago, is almost gone, but even a casual observation reveals "gaps" for which knowledge is greatly needed.

The development of transportation and communication media have had the effect of breaking down the influence of the home and consequently accentuating the need "to strengthen the virtues of the community." Many communities show a distressing lack of interest, to say nothing of the absence of "know how," in changing or eradicating those conditions which give rise to many evils of this day. The break-down of family life is at a new high, both in divorce and near divorce, with all the heartaches and misery that attend such tragedies. The high incidence of crime, particularly among young people, is a distressing challenge to all. In most communities are found destructive influences, the elimination of which would do much to reduce youth's

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problems. As a democratic society, we lack an awareness of the power of personal influence, for good and evil. The influence of a true Latter-day Saint is more than that of suggesting good conduct, and this is important, but the greater value comes in stimulating inquiry into the gospel, thus opening the door for others to obtain a knowledge of the truth. Mothers of the Church, who are keeping the commandments, are "practicing Holiness" and personify all of the noble virtues. It is their influence that exerts a tremendous impact "in strengthening the virtues of the community."

In a complex society, such as ours, the need for self-improvement is felt by most people. The very essence of the gospel suggests self-improvement. Not only in the sense of doing right as opposed to doing wrong, but in being able to do all things better. Whether this is in the art of homemaking, of understanding our children and their problems, or of improving our skills and knowledge, it is basic in the Gospel Plan. Self-improvement is consistent with perfection, a goal of the Gospel Plan.

Much has been accomplished since the organization of the Relief Society. Much is left to be done. The door of service is open to all who desire to enter. The objectives of the Relief Society have been declared by the Lord, through the Prophet Joseph Smith and his successors. For each member, under the inspirational direction of leaders of the Church, there are limitless opportunities for service and personal growth.

Supplementary References

1. "A Visit to Relief Society Headquarters" — Leone O. Jacobs, *Relief Society Magazine*, March 1953, page 150.
2. "Woman's Influence" — President David O. McKay, *Relief Society Magazine*, December 1953, page 790.

Questions for Discussion

1. Describe the legal, social, and ecclesiastical setting for the Relief Society organization.
2. What were the distinctive characteristics of Latter-day Saint women at the time of the organization?
3. Why was the organization such a significant step forward? What new opportunities did it open up for Latter-day Saint women?
4. Discuss the three significant observations made of the Relief Society organization.
5. Discuss the purposes of the Relief Society and how they have stood the test of time. Do the objectives offer challenges today?

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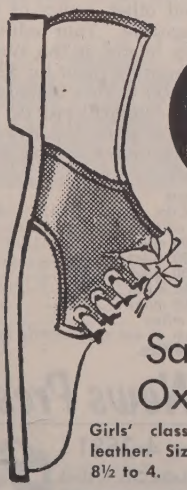

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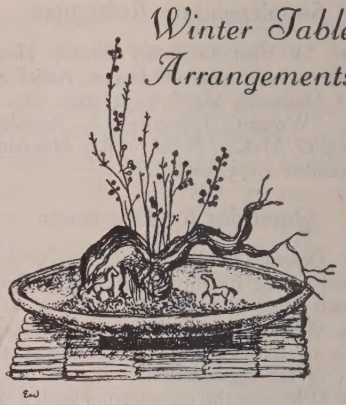

Elizabeth Williamson

NOW is the time to think about making winter arrangements and dried bouquets for your home. Try to get out before the heavy rains begin and the snow covers the dry summer weeds and grasses. Gather armfulls of materials, tie them in bundles, and hang them from the ceiling of your storeroom for future selecting.

Look for unusual and interesting pieces of dead wood. If you are near the sea, pick up driftwood. If you are not entirely inspired by nature, drop by the library and look through the innumerable and beautifully illustrated books on dried flower and plant arrangements. Some of the recent Japanese arrangement books are helpful.

Simplicity is the key word. Remember this, and you will select from your harvest a few choice specimens and arrange them so that they become part of your home and your personality. You will find the effort to be worth the field trips.

Often in your home among your possessions you will find choice pieces of china, pottery, or glass which may be used as accessories with your arrangements. A tiny blue horse with a piece of gray weathered driftwood and stalks of dried barley or wheat in an old glass pitcher are unusually attractive. Try different effects. The colors of dried plants, wood, and grasses are neutral, so they will blend harmoniously with many color schemes. Remember, too, that a few sprays of wheat or grass are a lovely accent with late-blooming fall flowers.

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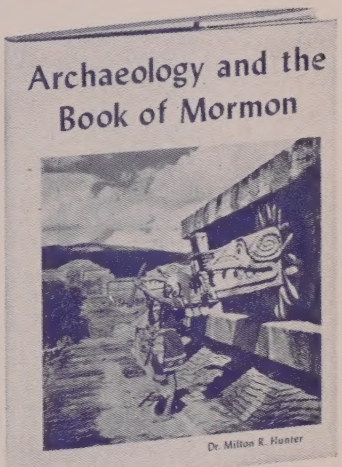

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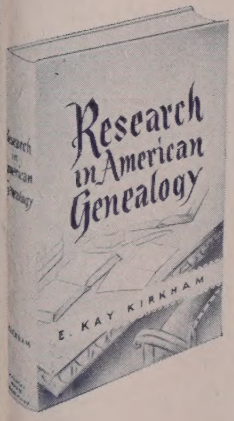

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